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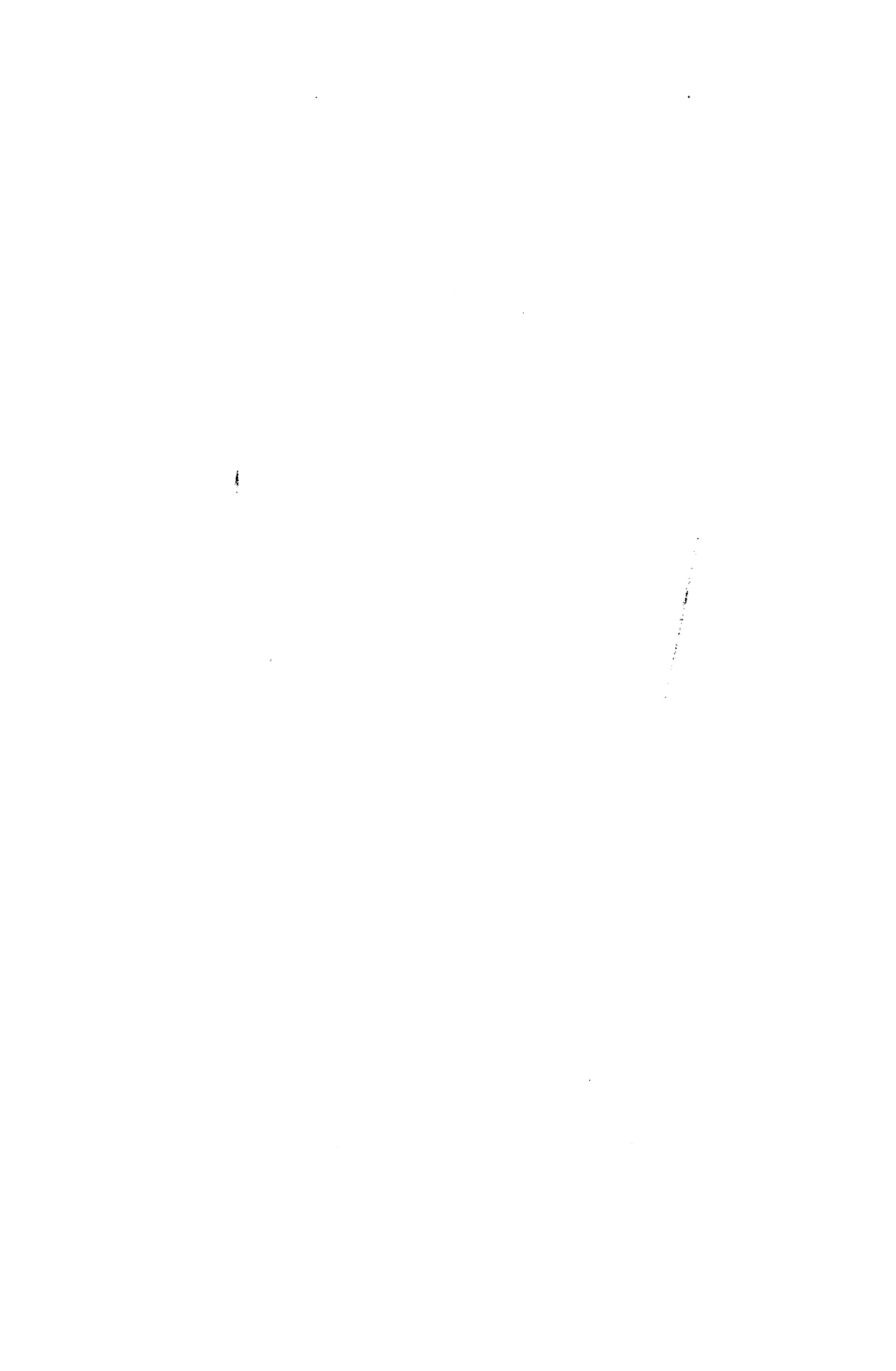


BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE  
JOHN L. WARREN FUND









AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
PILGRIM CELEBRATION

AT  
PLYMOUTH, AUGUST 1, 1853

CONTAINING  
A LIST OF THE DECORATIONS IN THE TOWN, AND  
CORRECT COPIES OF THE SPEECHES MADE  
AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

REVISED BY THE PILGRIM SOCIETY.

BOSTON:  
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,  
111 WASHINGTON STREET.  
1853.  
111



~~10384.62.~~

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1859. Dec. 20.

List of

Hercules Warren Fay, of  
Westboro.

(Class of 1862.)

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## PILGRIM CELEBRATION.

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It having been suggested, that a Celebration of the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven in 1620, would be a highly appropriate and fitting tribute to the memory of the Fathers of New England, and also a proper season for taking measures to erect a monument in the town, on or near "Forefathers' Rock," the Pilgrim Society, at a meeting held in May, authorized the Trustees of the Society to make the necessary preparations for such celebration, to take place August 1, 1853, that day corresponding, in New Style, to July 22, Old Style, the day on which the Pilgrims embarked from Delft Haven.

At a meeting of the Trustees held June 16, 1853, the following persons were chosen to act as the Committee of Arrangements: Richard Warren, Timothy Gordon, Andrew L. Russell, Eleazer C. Sherman, Trustees in Plymouth; Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, James T. Hayward, Trustees in Boston; Charles H. Warren, and William S. Russell, members of the Society.

The Committee appointed the following Marshals:—

WILLIAM T. DAVIS, *Chief Marshal*.

JOHN D. CHURCHILL, and SAMUEL H. DOTEN, *Aids*.

William Atwood, 2d, William Bishop, Charles O. Churchill, Winslow Drew, John H. Harlow, Barnabas Hedge, George H. Jackson,

Thomas Loring, John J. Russell, Edward W. Russell, Nathaniel B. Spooner, George Simmons, Jr., Jeremiah Farris, Samuel Shaw, B. H. Holmes, Isaac Brewster, William R. Drew, George G. Dyer, D. J. Lane, William H. Nelson, George Bramhall, Jr., of Plymouth.

Waterman French, Abington.

P. D. Kingman, Bridgewater.

Matthias Ellis, Carver.

Henry Thomas, William Ellison, George B. Standish, of Duxbury.

James H. Mitchell, East Bridgewater.

James H. Wilder, Hingham.

Perez Simmons, Hanover.

Nathaniel Cushing, Hanson.

Robert Gould, Hull.

J. S. Beal, Kingston.

Harrison Staples, Lakeville.

J. Sampson, Jr., Middleborough.

W. N. Ellis, Marion.

George M. Baker, Marshfield.

G. W. Bryant, North Bridgewater.

Z. Parker, Plympton.

George F. Hatch, Pembroke.

Theophilus King, Rochester.

William P. Allen, Scituate.

Albion Turner, South Scituate.

Thomas Ames, West Bridgewater.

Lewis Kenney, Wareham.

Le Baron Russell, Rufus B. Bradford, Solomon J. Gordon, George P. Hayward, Thomas Russell, Isaac Winslow, and Pelham W. Hayward, of Boston.

Invitations were extended by the Committee of Arrangements to the following societies and individuals: —

Plymouth Church, Southwark, England.

The authorities of Delft Haven, Leyden, and Southampton.

Presidents of New England Societies in New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

Philadelphia, Charleston, S. C., Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, Michigan, San Francisco, Washington.

Franklin Pierce,	President of United States.
Millard Fillmore,	Ex-President of United States.
William L. Marcy,	Secretary of State.
Caleb Cushing,	Attorney-General, U. S.
Hon. John J. Crittenden,	Kentucky.
“ William H. Seward,	New York.
Governor Clifford,	Massachusetts.
Hon. Edward Everett, }	United States Senators, Mass.
“ Charles Sumner, }	
“ Benjamin F. Hallett,	District Attorney, Mass.
“ Nathaniel P. Banks,	President of Convention for Revising the Constitution of Mass.
“ C. H. Warren,	President of Senate, Mass.
“ George Bliss,	Speaker of House of Repr., Mass.
“ David Sears,	President of Cape Cod Association.
“ Rufus Choate,	Attorney-General, Mass.
“ Abbott Lawrence.	
“ Robert C. Winthrop.	
“ Josiah Quincy.	
“ William Appleton,	Memb. Congress from Mass.
“ Charles W. Upham,	“ “ “
“ S. L. Crocker,	“ “ “
“ J. W. Edmands,	“ “ “
“ Tappan Wentworth,	“ “ “
“ Alexander DeWitt,	“ “ “
“ E. Dickinson,	“ “ “
“ J. Z. Goodrich,	“ “ “
“ Zeno Scudder,	“ “ “
Lieut.-Governor Huntington,	of Massachusetts.
Judge Sprague,	United States District Court.
Hon. E. P. Little,	Ex-Memb. Congress, Plymouth.
“ John G. Palfrey,	Cambridge.
“ Thomas H. Perkins,	Boston.
“ Stephen C. Phillips,	Salem,

Hon. Benjamin Seaver,	Mayor of Boston.
“ George S. Hillard,	Boston.
“ Levi Lincoln,	Worcester.
Isaac P. Davis, Esq.,	Boston.
Rev. George W. Blagden,	“
J. Prescott Hall, Esq.,	New York.
Hon. Ogden Hoffman,	“
Hon. George Bancroft,	“
Rev. Samuel Osgood,	“
“ E. H. Chapin,	“
“ William Adams,	“
“ H. W. Beecher,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hiram Fuller, Esq.,	New York.
Hon. John P. Kennedy,	Baltimore.
Rev. Francis Wayland,	President of Brown University.
President Walker,	Harvard College.
“ Woolsey,	Yale “
“ Hopkins,	Williams “
“ Hitchcock,	Amherst “
Professor Park,	Andover Theol. Seminary.
Jared Sparks, Esq.,	Ex-President Harvard College.
Dr. Oliver W. Holmes,	Pittsfield.
Mr. George Sumner,	Boston.
Rev. E. H. Sears,	Wayland.
“ W. P. Lunt,	Quincy.
Epes Sargent, Esq.,	Boston.
Henry W. Longfellow, Esq.,	Cambridge.
Hon. Mr. Pettigru,	Charleston, S. C.
Alfred Huger, Esq.,	“
Dr. Benjamin Huger, Esq.,	“
Richard Yeadon, Esq.,	“
Thomas F. Capers, Esq.,	“
Hon. George Evans,	Gardiner, Me.
“ William P. Fessenden,	Portland, “
“ Judge Mitchell,	Bridgewater.
George Watson, Esq.,	Roxbury.
John Howland, Esq.,	Providence, R. I.

John Whipple, Esq.,	Providence, R. I.
Moses B. Ives, Esq.	"
Robert H. Ives, Esq.,	"
Washington Irving, Esq.,	New York.
Charles Hudson, Esq.,	Boston.
Charles Eames,	Union, Washington City.
Judge Elgee,	Louisiana.
Hon. George T. Davis,	Greenfield.
Robert W. Weir, Esq.,	West Point.
Adjutant-General Stone,	Boston.
Colonel Ezra Lincoln,	"
" George P. Sanger,	"
" James M. Thompson,	Springfield.
" W. J. Rotch,	New Bedford.
Lord Ellesmere,	England.
Sir Charles Lyell,	"
Rev. James Kendall,	Plymouth.
" Charles S. Porter,	"

Hon. J. G. Palfrey was detained at home by sickness. Hon. B. F. Hallett, Hon. N. P. Banks, and Hon. Rufus Choate accepted invitations to be present, but felt themselves compelled to be in their seats in the Convention, in session. Hon. Abbott Lawrence, J. Prescott Hall, Esq., and Hon. S. C. Phillips accepted invitations, but did not attend. No answers were received from Hon. William Appleton, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Ogden Hoffman, President Hitchcock, Professor Park, Hon. Mr. Pettigru, Hon. W. P. Fessenden, Hon. Alexander DeWitt, Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, and John Howland, Esq.

The following was the order of procession : —

Military Escort,

Consisting of the Standish Guards, Abington Artillery, Samoset Guards, and Halifax Light Infantry, accompanied by the Boston Brigade Band and the S. Abington Band.

Aids.	Chief Marshal.	Aids.
Marshal.	President of the Pilgrim Society.	Marshal.

Officers of the Pilgrim Society.  
 Committee of Arrangements.  
 Committee of Reception.

Marshal.	Governor of the Commonwealth, with his Aids and Body Guard, — the Corps of Independent Cadets.	Marshal.
Marshal.	Adjutant-General of the State. Presidents of New England Societies of other States.	Marshal.
Marshal.	President of the Cape Cod Association.	Marshal.
Marshal.	United States Senators. President of the Senate. Members of Congress. Ex-Senators and Ex-Members of Congress.	Marshal.
Marshal.	United States District Attorney, and Attorney General of Massachusetts.	Marshal.
Marshal.	Invited Guests.	Marshal.
Marshals.	Members of the Cape Cod Association. Members of the New England Society of New York, accompanied by the New York Light Guard with Dodworth's Band. Plymouth Brass Band.	Marshals.
Marshals.	Pilgrim Society. Selectmen and other Officers of the Town of Plymouth. Clergy. Instructors of the Public Schools. Citizens from other Towns and Cities. Citizens of Plymouth. South Bridgewater Band. Plymouth Fire Department in Uniform, with their apparatus.	Marshals.

The Fire Department appeared uncommonly well, and consisted of Niagara 1, Fountain 2, Rapid 3, and Torrent 4.

The following is an account of the decorations in the streets : —

*Arch* trimmed with green, near the Railroad Station : —

“ Welcome to the Home of the Pilgrims.”

COURT STREET.

Captain Nathaniel Spooner had his house tastily trimmed with bunting and evergreen.

Henry G. Andrews decorated the grounds in front of his residence with much elegance and taste, having near the street a Turkish tent, containing several fine pictures, the whole presenting a unique and beautiful appearance. The shrubbery was interspersed with flags and banners, and the fence festooned with evergreen and bunting. Over the gateway was an arch, with the inscription : —

“ When the weary Pilgrim traversed this bleak coast, his step was lightened and his heart cheered by the thoughts of a virtuous posterity.”

At the corner of the fence was a bust of Daniel Webster, backed by a shield, with the motto : —

“ Union is Strength.”

Merritt Ryder, Edmund Robbins, Captain Joseph Wright, and J. B. Paulding had their residences very tastily arrayed with evergreens, flowers, flags, and bunting.

The Samoset House was elegantly dressed with flags, streamers, and bunting. Over the ladies' entrance was a fine arch, bearing the inscription : —

“ Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, 1620, July  
22, O. S., August 1, N. S.”

In the centre of the balcony were a shield and spread eagle, with a group of beautiful banners. Over the public entrance the inscription : —

“ Pilgrims' Home.”

In the street an arch, trimmed with green, with the inscription : —

“ Victims of Persecution, how wide an Empire acknowledges  
your sway ! ”



William H. Whitman erected a fine arch in front of his residence, hung his house with bunting, and presented a shield bearing the Winslow coat of arms, and a fac-simile of Gov. Edward Winslow's signature, with the date 1620.

Thomas Hedge had his portico neatly festooned with bunting, and several trees in front were gayly decked with numerous small flags.

Isaac L. Hedge had lines of bunting stretched from his portico along the pathway to the street, and over his gateway a handsome arch, trimmed with evergreen, and bearing in letters formed of leaves the inscription : —

“Delft Haven — 1620 — Plymouth.”

Over which a representation of the sea and a light-house, surmounted with the motto : —

“Hope.”

E. B. Bramhall, a descendant of Elder Brewster, had his house trimmed with bunting, and displayed the inscription : —

“Elder Brewster — 1620.”

James T. Hayward, Captain James Collins, and Lucius Pratt, each had his residence neatly decorated with evergreens and bunting.

Southard Barnes had his house neatly trimmed, and presented the inscription : —

“The Solitary Place is made glad.”

In front of Pilgrim Hall, flanked on each side with the Dutch and English flags, was the inscription : —

“PILGRIM HALL.

“While on the waste of ocean,  
One hoary rock shall stand,  
Be this its latest legend,  
Here was the Pilgrim's land.”

A white flag with the Old Colony seal of 1620 was flying from the top of Pilgrim Hall. The columns of the portico

were decorated with green, as was also the interior. Among the decorations were the names of the chief men who came in the Mayflower.

Captain E. S. Turner had his house trimmed, and displayed the motto : —

“Times aint now as they used to was.”

Messrs. Ephraim Finney and J. D. Churchill had their residence handsomely decorated, and displayed in letters of evergreen : —

“This Land we love.”

Over the doorway was a miniature ship, underneath which was the word : —

“Fortune.”

William B. Barnes displayed among his decorations the pithy sentence : —

“August 1 — Forefathers’ Day thawed out.”

Johnson Davee decorated his residence, and displayed the inscription : —

“1620 — The Pilgrim’s Motto — ‘Religious Liberty.’”

Over this was a handsome cross of evergreen.

E. C. Sherman and John A. Spooner had their dwellings neatly dressed in evergreens, bunting, &c., and exhibited the motto : —

“Remember that ye are gathering to the spot which was once trodden by the steps of the homeless wanderer ; which was marked with the Pilgrim’s staff, and watered with the Pilgrim’s tears.”

Jason Hart’s residence was arrayed with much taste and effect, with bunting, evergreens, &c.

Putnam Kimball and Granville Gardner had their dwellings appropriately decorated, and displayed a handsome arch, bearing the simple word : —

“Welcome.”

Andrew L. Russell displayed an arch with the inscription : —

“Howland.”

The Court-House was finely decorated, lines of bunting extending from the front to the iron fence in the square, and a portrait of Washington gracing the front of the building, with the inscription : —

“ Washington — Sacred to Liberty.”

Nathaniel C. Lanman and Bartlett Ellis each had his residence neatly trimmed.

In front of the Court-House, across the street, with the American flag on each side, was the sentiment : —

“All honor to the memory of our Fathers, who provided the surest safeguard of Liberty in establishing the supremacy of Law and the impartial administration of Justice.”

The next motto, with the American flag on each side, was : —

“ We come in our prosperity to remember your trials.”

Lysander Dunham, Mrs. Moulton, Daniel J. Lane, and William Thomas trimmed their houses in good taste, with bunting and evergreens.

Isaac N. Stoddard displayed a tasteful arch over his gateway, with a miniature ship suspended beneath, and bearing the inscription : —

“ Mayflower — 1850.

Union — 1853.”

Jacob H. Loud had his house and grounds decorated with much taste, — festoons of bunting, evergreens, wreaths of flowers, &c.

The Mansion-House was appropriately decked, and over the door was displayed the picture of an Indian mounted on horseback, engaged in the chase, with his bow-string drawn, in the act of discharging an arrow. At the side of the house, in the branches of a tree, a miniature ship, over which the name : —

“ Mayflower.”

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ August, 1620.

“ Hail ! sons of the Pilgrims, assembled to pay  
Festivity's rite to our Fathers in glory ;  
May the ardor of friendship enlighten the lay,  
And their virtues be told while we glow with the story.”

Richard Warren, President of the Pilgrim Society, had his residence decorated in good taste, and exhibited the motto : —

“ On the day we celebrate, the germ of the future growth of America was comprehended within one weatherbeaten vessel.”

#### MAIN STREET.

Ballard's Saloon was handsomely decorated, and presented a bust of Webster, over which was the sentiment delivered by the immortal statesman at the festival of the Pilgrim Society, Dec. 22, 1820 : —

“ We rejoice to behold this day.”

John Churchill had his store appropriately trimmed with American flags.

Allen Danforth had his dwelling festooned with bunting, and displayed a shield with the words : —

“ Welcome Home.”

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ Green are their bays — and greener still  
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,  
And regions now untrod shall thrill  
With reverence, when their names are breathed.”

Messrs. James Thurber and John Perkins had their residence handsomely trimmed with evergreen, and over the door a bronze bust of Daniel Webster, with the motto : —

“ Great Examples are before us.”

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ So long as centuries shall roll over this happy and rising nation, shall wealth and taste and talent resort to this hallowed spot, to pay homage to the elder fathers of New England.”

The Bank building was appropriately decked for the occasion, and displayed a bust of Webster.

William S. Russell displayed a fine arch over his gateway, with the inscription : —

“ Ever green in our Memory — 1620.”

William H. Spear presented a bust of Webster, crowned with a wreath of laurel, with the date 1820, being the occasion of Mr. Webster’s great speech at Plymouth.

The office of the *Plymouth Rock* presented an obelisk tastefully decked with evergreens and roses, and bearing a likeness of President Pierce, with the inscription : —

“ Our Pilgrim Fathers.”

At the base of the obelisk : —

“ Plymouth Rock — first stepping-stone to the Temple of Liberty.”

On an arch, trimmed with evergreen, was this inscription : —

“ They rested the edifice of their civil and religious liberties on a foundation as pure and innocent as the snows around them. Blessed be the spot, the only one on earth where such a foundation was ever laid.”

Madam Warren had her doorway draped with American and Hungarian flags.

William H. Smoot, Jason Hart, Thomas Bartlett, Dr. Webster, C. F. Easton, and Dr. Warren, each displayed appropriate decorations.

Dr. Hubbard decorated his office, and displayed a miniature ship, with the motto : —

“ The Mayflower — New England’s First Cradle.”

W. N. Jamieson & Co., Leyden Hall, decorated in good taste, and presented in evergreen : —

“ 1620.”

Tillsons, Tobey, & Tower, J. Washburn, and S. Barnes, also displayed fitting decorations.

John T. Hall exhibited a handsome arch, with the inscription : —

“ Plymouth — the birthplace of the Nation.  
Behold her children.”

W. Bishop's bookstore was well trimmed, and exhibited the words : —

“ In Memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.”

W. Atwood, Zaben Olney, Benjamin Swift, and Reuben Peterson presented handsome decorations ; as did also Thomas Loring, who resides on the spot where it is supposed the colonists once signed a treaty with the celebrated Indian chieftain, Massasoit.

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ And here, on the spot where New England began to be, we come to learn of our Pilgrim Fathers a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal, and faith.”

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ LEYDEN STREET,  
The first street laid out, December, 1620.”

“ NEW ENGLAND'S FATHERS.

A noble Colony of educated, firm men, valiant soldiers, honorable women.”

William H. Jackson and William R. Drew decorated in fine style.

Ephraim Spooner presented in evergreen letters : —

“ They sowed in tears, — we reap in joy.”

The New York Light Guard head-quarters had a spread eagle over the doorway, which was draped with American flags, and displayed a flag with the inscription : —

“ New York Light Guard Head-Quarters, August 1, 1853. Ready to protect what we have inherited.”

Thomas Russell, Esq., on a line of flags, presented this motto, which was peculiarly appropriate : —

“ Their hill of graves behind us,  
Their watery way before,” —

in allusion to the ancient cemetery back on the hill, and the harbor at the foot of the street. On the reverse was : —

“They sought a home and freedom here, two hundred years ago.”

Leander Lovell decorated his residence finely, with festoons of bunting, wreaths of evergreen and flowers, &c.

Dr. James Kendall displayed, surrounded by a border of evergreen, the inscription : —

“So let it live unfading — the memory of the dead.”

On the right the inscription : —

“Parsonage Lot of the First Church — Given March 1st, 1664, by Bridget and Samuel Fuller, the widow and son of Samuel Fuller.”

James Kendrick’s shop was neatly trimmed.

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“Site of the Common House built in 1620, where Robert Cushman delivered his first Sermon, Nov. 1621. ‘It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage.’”

#### WATER STREET.

Atwood L. Drew’s store was trimmed with bunting.

J. Farris and Rufus Churchill each displayed lines of flags across the street.

Elkanah Barnes displayed the motto : —

“Old Plymouth to the rescue.”

Over the rock on which the Pilgrims landed was an arch of evergreen, the pillars of which were inscribed as follows : —

“No New Englander could be willing to have that Rock buried or forgotten.”

“This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States.”

Across the top of the arch : —

“A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires ,  
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea ;  
On that holy altar they kindled the fires  
Which glow in our bosoms, Jehovah, for thee.”

William Collingwood had his store neatly trimmed with evergreen.

NORTH STREET.

“Coles Hill,—The first burial-place of the Pilgrims. On this spot have laid to rest together the true, the pious, the beautiful, till time shall be no more.”

Jacob Jackson's fence was festooned with evergreens.

Dr. C. T. Jackson presented a beautiful arch, decorated with flowers and evergreens, with the inscription : —

“Our fathers, whose virtues survive the grave.”

Phineas Wells displayed appropriate decorations.

Anthony Morse presented the motto : —

“Great Principles associated with Plymouth Rock.”

Captain John Russell's residence and portico were finely draped, and there was a tasteful arch over his gate, with the words : —

“Honor to the Pilgrims.”

The American and English flags waved from the trees in the yard.

Across the street : —

“A noble colony of devoted Christians, whose planting has changed the history of the world.”

T. Gordon, Mrs. Spooner, Isaac C. Jackson, Mrs. Levi Barnes, Abraham Jackson, James A. Danforth, and Benjamin Weston, each displayed tasteful and appropriate decorations.

Over the door of Mrs. Barnes's house was inscribed : —

“The Moral Electricity of the Pilgrims. May the Matrons of the Earth take a shock from the Leyden Jar.”

From the house of Abraham Jackson to Mrs. Barnes's, there was erected a splendid arch, composed wholly of green trees, with this inscription : —

“John Robinson, the Keystone of the Pilgrim Arch.”

Mrs. Joann Davis, a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, the first person of European parentage born on these shores,



had her residence decorated in good taste ; on a handsome arch was inscribed : —

“ White.”

Across the street, with a flag on each side, was the inscription : —

“ The Pilgrim Mothers — who ’midst sufferings and trial rocked the cradle of New England.”

Joseph B. Collingwood’s dwelling was neatly trimmed.

Mrs. Daniel Jackson displayed an arch, bearing the motto : —

“ They sowed in tears — we reap in joy.”

Josiah Robbins’s residence was handsomely arrayed with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, flowers, &c.

Near the head of the street, with a flag on each side, was the motto : —

“ The Pilgrim spirit has not fled ;  
It walks in noon’s broad light,  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead  
With the holy stars by night.”

#### TOWN SQUARE.

This is the locality where the Pilgrims had an interview with old Samoset. On this square the house of Isaac B. Rich, on the site of the residence of Governor Bradford, was appropriately trimmed, and bore the inscription : —

“ Gov. Bradford — 1620.”

C. M. Howard and A. Deming draped their dwelling neatly with bunting and evergreen, and presented the motto : —

“ Our Fathers, where are they ? ”

From the trees in the square, with a flag on either side, an inscription : —

“ The first House of Worship built 1637 ; second 1683 ; third 1744 ; fourth 1831 ; fifth 1840.”

“ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation.”

## MARKET STREET.

Across the street, with flags : —

“And beyond whose perilous path are hung the rainbow, and the western star of Empire.”

Benjamin Churchill's shop was neatly trimmed with small flags.

Barnabas H. Holmes exhibited a miniature man-of-war, with the words : —

“Safely Anchored.”

Captain Robert Cowen, B. C. Finney, Samuel Talbot, and J. B. Atwood, all displayed decorations got up with much taste and effect.

## HIGH STREET.

The Adelpian (Odd Fellow) Hall was finely decorated, and stretched across the street a line of flags, with the motto : —

“Friendship, Love, and Truth.”

Benjamin C. Finney, Barnabas Churchill, David Holmes, and George Cooper had their residences neatly decked in gala costume.

Winslow Tribble displayed a bronze bust of Webster, tastily trimmed, with the inscription : —

“Daniel.”

John Nickerson decorated his residence finely with varicolored drapery, evergreens, and flowers.

Samuel Alexander displayed appropriate decorations.

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“They founded a great realm, an imperial patrimony of liberty : the first effectual counterpoise in the scale of human right.”

In Summer Street a large arch was erected, covered with greens, and bearing this inscription : —

“The noblest genius has been called into exercise to display their merits worthily, and to trace the consequences of their daring enterprise.”

Heman Robbins had his portico tastily trimmed with evergreens and oak leaves.

Nathaniel Wood also displayed handsome decorations, and the motto : —

“ Welcome.”

Rev. A. Harvey and E. S. Bartlett decorated their dwelling and gateway in excellent taste, and displayed the inscriptions : —

“ 1620 — Delft Haven — We trust in God.”

“ Our Fathers — we honor them.”

“ 1620 — the Fathers suffered. 1853 — the Children enjoy.”

Also two flags across the street, with the inscription : —

“ Pilgrim’s Legacy — Light, Liberty, Law.”

Captain Elkanah C. Finney and Henry Mills had their residence decorated with folds of bunting, evergreens, flowers, &c., arrayed with fine taste and effect, in the centre of which was a beautiful cross of evergreen and roses.

Across the street, with a flag on each side : —

“ But we commemorate the birth-day of all New England, not of one institution, but of all institutions within our happy borders.”

Ellis Drew, John Eddy, Caleb Ryder, Samuel Shaw, and John F. Dunham displayed handsome and appropriate decorations.

Micah Richmond and Isaac Lucas displayed a line of flags, with the inscription : —

“ Twine, gratitude, a wreath for them  
More deathless than diadem,  
Who to life’s noblest end  
Gave up life’s noblest powers,  
And bade the legacy descend  
Down, down to us and ours.”

On the reverse : —

“ Here shall the dwellers of the land be seen  
To keep the memory of the Pilgrim green.”

Schuyler Sampson had his house trimmed, and presented the inscription : —

“ They are with us.”

Rapid Engine Co. No. 3 had their house finely decorated.

Benjamin Hathaway had his residence decorated, and showed the motto : —

“The Pilgrim Spirit is not dead.”

George W. Virgin and Justus Harlow also decorated.

Over a pump at the road-side, on the “Town Brook,” was the inscription : —

“Freely drink and quench your thirst,  
Here drank the Pilgrims first.”

On Pleasant Street approaching Training Green, where the tent was erected, was an arch inscribed : —

“Massasoit, — The friend and ally of the Pilgrims.”  
“Samoset, Squanto, Hobbamock, — Natives of tried fidelity.”

On a line of flags : —

“All the tears and heart-breakings at the ever-memorable parting at Delft Haven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.”

The house of David L. Harlow was appropriately trimmed, as was also the Methodist Church.

Warren Macomber decorated his house and displayed the inscription : —

“Not winter’s sullen face ;  
Not the fierce tawny race  
In arms arrayed ;  
Not hunger shook their faith,  
Not sickness’ hateful breath,  
Nor Carver’s early death  
Their souls dismayed.”

Samuel H. Davee had his fence trimmed, and displayed the words, in evergreen : —

“The Pilgrims.”

A line of evergreens and flags also extended across the street to the house occupied by Messrs. Wm. Drew, Geo. A. Hathaway, Wm. D. Sherman, and Ebenezer Nelson, which was neatly trimmed and bore the motto : —

“Keep their Memory green.”

Plymouth High School-House was decorated with much taste and effect, with festoons, stars, and wreaths of evergreen, and bore the inscription : —

“Education, the Guardian of Liberty.”

Also in evergreen letters : —

“P. H. S. — 1849.”

Mrs. Isaac Barnes and David Drew had their residences handsomely decorated.

#### GREEN STREET.

Captain Samuel Doten had his yard trimmed with bunting, and across the street a couple of American flags with the mottoes : —

“Behold our Inheritance.”

“Lord, keep their Memory green.

At the corner of Green and Sandwich Streets, Corban Barnes displayed a line of flags, and at the corner of the Green, on Sandwich Street, Samuel Bradford had a line of flags.

This portion of the display reflected infinite credit on the public spirit and fine taste of the citizens of Plymouth. Some of the streets presented a most beautiful appearance, from the combined effect of waving flags, lines of streamers, and festoons of evergreen, scattered in rich profusion as they were over the exteriors of the houses ; while the numerous apt and pithy mottoes contributed greatly to enlist the admiration and draw forth the encomiums of the throngs who filled the streets.

The New York Light Guard, with Dodworth’s Band, arrived in town on Sunday afternoon, and went directly to quarters provided for them in Leyden Street.

Monday morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and a national salute.

At nine o’clock, services were performed in the First Church, as follows : —

Voluntary on the Organ.

The following hymn, written for the occasion by the Rev. E. H. Sears, was sung by a select choir, under the direction of B. F. Baker, Esq., of Boston.

Beneath the hallowed ground where now ye tread,  
 New England's first and holiest martyrs sleep ;  
 And ocean waves, to celebrate the dead,  
 Lift the eternal anthems of the deep.

And here their mighty spirits linger long,  
 They walk abroad through all the hallowed air,  
 And where a pulse for freedom beats more strong,  
 Know ye that Pilgrim blood is coursing there !

O ye, whose sacred dust on Burial Hill  
 Kind mother Earth in holy trust contains !  
 Above the cause ye loved keep watching still,  
 And roll your fire through all our languid veins !

Then from New England's hills, afar and near,  
 A light shall stream in columns to the skies,  
 And like a new Aurora shall appear  
 Where'er a race in chains and darkness lies !

The Rev. James Kendall, D. D., the senior pastor of the First Church of Plymouth, (settled on the 1st day of January, 1800,) then offered the following

#### PRAYER.

O Thou, God of our fathers ! — Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Who is a God, save the Lord ? And who is a rock, save our God ? All power is thine in heaven and earth. By Thee nations are planted, and by Thee also are they destroyed. Thou speakest, — and a little one becomes a thousand, and a small one a strong nation ; and Thou, Lord, canst hasten it in thy time.

Thy providential government pervades the universe, and extends to all worlds, to all beings, and to all things. All events,

whether prosperous or adverse, whether they relate to communities or individuals, whether they respect the kingdoms of this world or that kingdom which is not of this world and which cannot be destroyed, are under the guidance of unerring wisdom, and subject to the control of almighty power. The Lord reigneth, and he reigneth in righteousness, — let the earth rejoice.

While we revere thine attributes, and admire and adore Thee for thy perfections, we would praise Thee for thy mercies. We bless and magnify thy great and glorious name, above all, for thine unspeakable gift, even the gift of thine own Son, the anointed messenger of grace and truth, of light and life, to a dark, erring, and guilty world. We bless Thee for the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ, which reveals to us the true way to eternal life, and holds out for our guidance and imitation the example of wise and good men, who, through faith and patience and fortitude, obtained a good report, and, finally, inherited the promises. We bless Thee for thy paternal love, thine ever guardian care, manifested to thy Church in every period of its existence. Thy providence has been to it a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, to guide, to protect, and to save. Thou didst open for it a highway in the sea, and mark out its path in the wilderness. When there was no bread, Thou gavest bread from heaven. And where there was no water, at thy bidding the rock opened its treasure and sent forth living water. Though sometimes on fire, yet, like the bush in Horeb, it was not consumed. And though oftentimes bleeding, yet was it nurtured and increased by its own blood.

We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, what things Thou didst for them in their days in times of old; how Thou broughtest them as a vine out of Egypt; how Thou didst drive out the heathen and plant them; how Thou didst scatter the nations that delight in war, and prepare room before them, didst cause them to take deep root, and, behold, they have filled the land. This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes; for they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine almighty arm, and the light of thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them.

We rejoice in the return of this memorable anniversary, with all its interesting and hallowed associations. We bless Thee for the privilege and the facilities afforded for bringing together so goodly an assemblage of the sons and daughters of a pious ancestry, to commemorate their virtues, and the interposition of a kind and merciful Providence, during their sufferings and sacrifices for conscience' sake, and the security and enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. When called to embark and go out into a land which they knew not, thy presence went with them, and thine arm was outstretched for their support, protection, and deliverance. Thou didst stand by them, and spread over them thy shield, while in perils by their own countrymen, in perils in strange cities, in perils in the sea, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; until they finally found a resting-place on this hallowed spot, consecrated by their prayers, their tears, and their graves; and where Thou didst nourish and feed them from the abundance of the sea, and treasures hid in the sand. They were indeed found of Thee in a desert land, a waste, howling wilderness. And as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them, and there was no strange God with them. With thine arm to sustain them, and the light of thy countenance to cheer, to guide, and to comfort them, though troubled on every side, yet were they not distressed; perplexed, indeed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

We thank Thee for all the free, the excellent institutions Thou didst dispose and enable them to establish for the benefit of their posterity, and for example to the world. Above all, we bless Thee that Thou didst give them a heart to plant the tree of life in this new world, and that, under thy nurturing care, it has grown and spread, sending forth its branches to the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, until its healing influence is felt from river to river, and from sea to sea.

We rejoice, that, through the instrumentality of a pious ances-



try, we, their descendants, were born in a land of Gospel light, that the day-spring from on high hath visited us, that the Sun of Righteousness hath risen upon us with healing in his wings; that Thou hast set up thy tabernacle among us, and thy sanctuary in the midst of us, and that we can now say, "Come, and let us go up to the mount of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

May we be truly humble for every deviation from the purity of their example, the steadfastness of their faith, their love of the truth, their estimation of the value of civil and religious liberty and the rights of conscience, and the ardor and elevation of their piety; and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, that we may walk therein, and find rest unto our souls.

May we be grateful to a kind and benevolent Providence, which has blessed us, their posterity, with pleasant places, and a goodly heritage, as the fruit of their labor and their sacrifices. May the protection and favor shown to our fathers in the darkest period of their history increase our confidence in an overruling Providence, confirm our faith in the religion they professed, strengthen our attachment to the institutions which they founded, and of which we are reaping the benefit, and fasten our hold more strongly on those great Protestant principles and precious promises which inspired them with a desire to know the truth, and a resolution to follow it, to keep their minds open to the light, and to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But while, as the descendants of Protestant Christians, we enjoy religious liberty, and claim and exercise the rights of conscience, may it never be our condemnation, that our liberty has become a cloak for licentiousness, and our right of conscience a plea for exemptions from the requirements and sanctions of religion, the obligations of morality, and the restraints of law. But under the influence and guidance of Christian truth and a Christian spirit, may this be the resolution of our hearts, and may we have grace to abide by it: "All that the Lord hath said unto us, that will we do, and be obedient."

Smile, we beseech Thee, O Thou who art governor among the nations, still smile upon our beloved country! Be Thou our God,

as Thou wast the God of our fathers. Throughout all generations, wilt Thou choose this favored land for the lot of thine inheritance. Suffer no root of bitterness, springing up within us, to trouble us. Suffer no weapon formed against us from without to prosper. May the evils which we suffer, or fear, be speedily removed, and our light rise in obscurity, and the darkness become as the noon-day.

We pray for our rulers, for the President of the United States, for the Governor of the Commonwealth, and for all in authority over us. Vouchsafe to them the wisdom that cometh from above. Help them to deliberate and act with a single eye to the peace, the union, the prosperity, the liberty, and true glory of the whole country. May the resolution of the patriarch be inscribed upon their administration, to be read of all men : " Till I die, I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go : my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." And under an enlightened and liberal administration, aided by the power and influence of pure religion and sound morals, may we as a people lead quiet and peaceable lives, in all godliness and honesty. And may all classes of our citizens be protected and secured in the peaceable possession and enjoyment of their just rights and liberties. May intelligence and virtue keep pace with the privileges and advantages with which we are favored, and render us worthy of the liberties which we enjoy.

While we are reminded, by this day's commemoration, of the blessings we enjoy, we would remember, in our devotion and festivities, the benighted and oppressed of all lands. May the yoke of the oppressor everywhere be broken, and the oppressed go free. Give them increasing light, and increasing virtue ; and with knowledge and virtue, and due subjection to the requirements of religion and the restraint of law, vouchsafe to them the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

And wilt Thou speed the progress of intellectual light, useful learning, pure religion, equal laws, well-regulated liberty, and righteous government, throughout the world ; and may the time soon come, when every nation and kindred and tongue and people, living under the light, cherishing the spirit, and exemplifying

the virtues and graces of the Gospel, shall unite with the heavenly hosts in ascribing glory to God in the highest, because there is peace on earth, and good-will to men.

We supplicate thy blessing upon the society to whose enterprise and agency, under Providence, we owe much of the pleasure and interest of this day's commemoration. Vouchsafe to its President and his associates thy continued favor, assistance, and blessing. As a reward for their labors and efforts, wilt Thou still smile upon the remaining services and festivities of the day ; and grant that whether we eat or drink, whether we speak or hear, or whatever we do, it may be to thy glory through Christ our Lord. Amen.

The beautiful hymn written by Mrs. Hemans, commencing with the words, "The breaking waves dashed high," was very finely sung by Mr. Baker and his choir.

Rev. Dr. Blagden of Boston read appropriate selections from the Scriptures, in the following order : —

Our fathers trusted in thee : they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered ; they trusted in thee, and were not confounded. — Ps. xxii. 4, 5.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them ; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them. — Ps. xlv. 1, 3.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; Praise thy God, O Zion.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and fillest thee with the finest of the wheat.

He hath not dealt so with any nation ; and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord. — Ps. cxlvii. 12, 14, 20.

And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous, as all this law which I set before you this day ?

Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life ; but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons.

Or hath God assayed to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation, by temptations, by signs, and by wonders, and by war, and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched-out arm, and by great terrors, according to all that the Lord your God did for you in Egypt before your eyes ?

Unto thee it was showed, that thou mightest know that the Lord he is God ; there is none else besides him.

And because he loved thy fathers, therefore he chose their seed after them, and brought thee out in his sight with his mighty power out of Egypt ;

To drive out nations from before thee, greater and mightier than thou art, to bring thee in, to give thee their land for an inheritance, as it is this day.

Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord he is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath : there is none else.

Thou shalt keep therefore his statutes, and his commandments, which I command thee this day, that it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, for ever. — Deut. iv. 8, 9, 34, 35, 37 – 40.

Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers ?

Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation. — Joel i. 2, 3.

Children's children are the crown of old men ; and the glory of children are their fathers. — Prov. xvii. 6.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

O, let the nations be glad, and sing for joy : for thou shalt judge

the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.  
Selah.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. — Ps. lxxvii. 1, 3, 4, 7.

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord. — Ps. cxliv. 12, 15.

Who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises.

Whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen. — Romans ix. 4, 5.

Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him. — Ps. ii. 10, 12.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee. — Ps. xxxiii. 12, 22.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.  
Selah. — Ps. xli. 1, 7.

Hymn, written by Rev. Dr. Flint: —

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines  
That bound our goodly heritage,  
And safe beneath our sheltering vines  
Our youth is blessed, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,  
That thou didst plant our fathers here,  
And watch and guard them as they grew,  
A vineyard to the planter dear!

The toils they bore our ease have wrought;  
 They sowed in tears, in joy we reap.  
 The birthright they so dearly bought  
 We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown,  
 In weal and woe, through all the past,  
 Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,  
 While here their name and race shall last.

The religious observances closed with a benediction by Rev. Charles S. Porter.

After these services were over, the procession was formed, under the direction of the Chief Marshal, and marched through Court, Main, Leyden, Water, North, Market, High, Bartlett, Summer, and Pleasant Streets, to the Town Green, where a pavilion had been erected, in which twenty-five hundred could be seated. There were at least seven hundred ladies there, when the procession arrived; they took seats on one side of each table. The pavilion was decorated with the English and Dutch flags, with thirty-one shields hanging, representing the States of the Union. On one side of the pavilion was this inscription: —

“The Fathers of the Country, — the men who, as they first trod the soil of New England, scattered the principles of republican freedom and national independence.”

And opposite to it was this: —

“They knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on these things; but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits.”

The President called on Rev. Wm. Adams of New York to ask the Divine blessing, which he did in the following words: —

“Our Father and our God, we ask thy blessing upon us as we have assembled to commemorate thy ways of wisdom and of wonder, and to offer a memorial of praise for what thou hast done for

us and our fathers. We thank thee for their virtues, for their valor, and for thy protection over them upon the sea and in the wilderness, and for the large heritage thou hast given unto them and unto us. We thank thee for the glorious hopes which open before us ; for civil and religious liberty ; for good government ; for wholesome laws ; for our institutions of learning and of religion ; for the glorious promises and prospects for the future. May this occasion be blessed to the promotion of Christian gratitude, of true patriotism, and to the better performance of our duty to one another and to thee ; — which we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

A most capital dinner was now partaken of. It was provided by John Wright in his best style, and gave great satisfaction to all.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the President called the company to order and addressed them as follows : —

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, — The Pilgrim Society having voted to celebrate the anniversary of the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven in 1620, we are assembled here to pay our tribute to their memory, and, by pondering anew on their virtues, to go out into the world to perpetuate their principles and to hold them up as the only true basis of religious and political freedom. It is a great event we are commemorating. When that small vessel left the Old World, with those few but heroic men and women on its deck, then went forth the word that founded an empire in this western world ; then did speed well the mighty principles of Robinson’s church, as his followers, casting themselves in perfect faith on God’s goodness, sought thus afar from home “freedom to worship God.”

I shall not attempt to depict the voyage of the

Mayflower across the ocean. I leave that to another, who I trust will, during the afternoon, carry us, as it were, on board the ship, to sympathize in the trials, ay, and in the joys, of the small company there assembled. We stand, gentlemen and ladies, on sacred ground, — here in old Plymouth, the first residence of our fathers in America. Whose heart does not beat with gratitude, as from this spot he looks abroad on and over this continent, and recollects that two hundred and thirty-three years ago the wild Indian held all as hunting-ground, and that all this has been converted into beautiful towns and cities from the forest, and made homes for the millions who now reside in our land, — made so because John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Miles Standish, and a few others, here planted a colony whose principles, declared before they landed, were a foundation as sure and solid as the rock on which they would soon set their feet!

The spot is sacred indeed. We may look out and view that island whereon they rested to thank God for guidance. We have passed over the rock whereon they landed; it will ever be a hallowed spot. We have seen Cole's Hill, where many of the first little company lie buried. Many of us daily walk lightly over the ashes of the dead. It has seemed to me at times as if the wail of the ocean was reprimanding us for our forgetfulness. Let these places be consecrated by a monument that shall teach generations yet unborn that here commenced America and liberty, and that the only sure foundations for a



happy community are the immutable principles of duty to God and faith in man's capability to do right. And we are sitting at the base of Watson's Hill. Memorable it is; for there Massasoit, the chief who had till then looked over this whole domain, lord of all he surveyed, came to proffer his friendship to the white man.

Just behind us is the spot where Winslow, undaunted, courageous, because true, went up to meet the savage chief. What an interview was that! No subsequent negotiations between nations can equal it. The destinies of a world were there. The seal of the compact was this: "a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel at it." Then the white man and the Indian were friends. The tomahawk was buried; hostilities ceased.

Winslow and Massasoit on Watson's Hill! Let the picture be familiar to us. Look long and steadily upon it. That interview saved the colony in its infancy, and therefore it has grown into manhood. We have crossed the Town Brook, where our fathers found good water, and for that reason they concluded to settle there. I have heard of a striking incident, occurring within a few weeks, respecting that water. A stranger came into a store in this town, and asked for a phial. When he received it, he could not help telling what he wanted it for; and that he might tell, he asked the person who gave it to him if he knew what he was about to do with it. The person of course did not. The man said he was going to fill it with water from that spring, and he should

take it as a sacred relic five hundred miles from here.

And here, wherein I have been sitting, is the chair of that Governor Winslow. It came with him in the Mayflower, and has been with his immediate descendants till now. Who can imagine, as he sat in it, what thoughts of the past came to him, of a home and friends he had left behind, friends from whom he had but lately parted, whom he should never meet again on earth; and these thoughts mingled with hopes and fears of a future, of short or long duration, to be passed in a distant and unknown land. Methinks he sat there calm in the presence and protection of his God, without fear. The waves around him might be boisterous, the winds might rage and toss the frail bark, but he was sustained by faith in Him who said to the winds and waves, "Be still."

But I refrain; I welcome you to this day, and you, gentlemen, who have come up at our invitation, I welcome you in the name of the Pilgrim Society. In behalf of the town I welcome you. In your walk to-day you have seen the arches which manly enterprise and energy have erected for you to pass under, and you have everywhere seen how the fair hands of fairer woman have decorated the town to give you a generous welcome. We have come up from the north, the south, the east, and the west, irrespective of party, abandoning for the time all political distinctions, having no peculiar opinions, knowing only that we are brethren and sisters of our dear America,

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descendants from a noble ancestry of the good and truly great. May the influences of this day go with all of us, to give power to our hands and our hearts for the right, to build up commonwealths after the model of our Pilgrim Fathers. I will close with the sentiment, —

*Our Country.* Founded on the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers, like the rock on which they landed, it shall stand a beacon to the world.

Before taking his seat, the President read the following letter from the Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, which was followed by enthusiastic applause : —

*New York, July 28, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I have been waiting and hoping that I could answer your kind invitation in the affirmative, but I cannot; therefore shall have to deny myself the very great pleasure I should derive at being present on so interesting an occasion.

Mr. Draper, with quite a numerous delegation, will join you, and I believe the Light Guard are to accompany them.

I will do my part towards the erection of the monument. I hope the right spirit will be manifested, and that a large sum may be realized.

Wishing you a very pleasant time, I am very truly yours,

MOSES H. GRINNELL.

P. S. Can't you find fifty persons who will go a thousand dollars each? I will be one of them.

The President stated that the sum of \$ 6,000 had been subscribed by the citizens of Plymouth for the erection of a monument on the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, which announcement was also favorably received.

The President then gave, as the next toast, —

*The President of the United States.*

Band, "Hail to the Chief!"

The President here said:—"And now, gentlemen and ladies, I can assure you I have got through with the worst part of this day's proceedings. And it now becomes my duty to introduce you to others. We love Massachusetts,—we love every State in the Union. We have visitors from nearly every State from Maine to Alabama, who have come up to join with us in these festivities. Our honored State is ably represented by a Governor who is one of *us*. I give you as a sentiment, —

"*Massachusetts and the Old Colony*,—The division line is obliterated, and Massachusetts has added another honored name to the list of Old Colony Governors."


GOVERNOR CLIFFORD of Massachusetts was introduced to the assembly, and stood up to respond to the toast, amid loud cheers and manifestations of respect. He said:—

MR. PRESIDENT, — If I anticipated any thing in coming here to-day, it was that upon this spot and on this occasion there would be no departure from the honored usages of our Pilgrim Fathers. But, sir, to contrast my position here with that which the historical record assigns to the first Governor of Massachusetts upon a similar occasion, admonishes me that we have already begun to widen the diverging lines from the point of Plymouth Rock. That record is, that in 1632, when Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts Bay, made his first visit to the Old Colony, the Plymouth colonists assembled, and one Mr. Roger Williams, a somewhat contentious, but most conscientiously contentious personage of that day, "propounded a question." Not, I will venture to say, one of your congratulatory or complimentary toasts, but some good, hard, knotty point of theology, that had *an application* in it. After he had pro-

pounded it, as the record goes on to say, the pastor briefly spoke to the question. Then Mr. Williams *prophesied*. Then the elders spoke; then the Governor of New Plymouth addressed the meeting. After him, several of the gifted among the congregation added words of exhortation; and then, *but not till then*, the Governor of Massachusetts was requested to speak, — which he did.

The simple habits of our good forefathers did not tolerate a corps of reporters on that occasion, and we have no record of what the Governor of Massachusetts said.

That you should have reversed this order, sir, and in this presence, — for I have a predecessor here in one capacity, and the company will be glad to know he is soon to be my successor in another, (turning to Mr. Everett,) — that you should have reversed this order, and have called first upon me to address this glorious assemblage of the sons and daughters, not only of the colonies of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, but of the whole circle of independent sovereignties whose shields we see dotting every point of this vast pavilion, makes me feel that there was one enactment amongst the earliest acts of legislation of the colonists of New Plymouth that does not need to be reënacted now. It was, that “if any one, now or hereafter, shall be elected to the office of Governor, and doth not stand to the election, and hold and execute the office *for his year*,” — the Pilgrim precedent you see, sir, extended only to a single year, — “he should be amerced in twenty pounds



sterling fine." Sir, when I see those around me whose eloquent celebrations of the deeds of the fathers are as immortal as the deeds themselves, I might almost regret that this enactment had not been in full force some seven or eight months ago, that I might have paid the penalty and been spared the service.

But, Mr. President, I do not feel quite contented to be regarded as standing here to-day simply as a guest. Since the union of the two Colonies, in 1692, into one Province, my position as its chief magistrate, to say nothing of the relation which I hold to the Pilgrim Society as one of its Trustees, should rather place me here as a host, welcoming others to our festivities, instead of being the recipient of any portion of the honors of the day. In these relations, if you will permit me to give expression to the feeling that is uppermost in my breast, I may say with entire sincerity, that, if there is any thing in the position I happen to hold to make me feel grateful to those who have placed me in it, it is the opportunity of uttering a word of cordial welcome to those who, from the far-off regions of this widely extended country, have come up here to unite with us in doing honor to our noble ancestry.

Let me return for an instant to the union of Plymouth and Massachusetts in 1692. Lord Clarendon tells us in his History, that the contumacious Colonists who compose that ancestry had within fifty years of their settlement already "hardened into republics." After their contumacious republicanism

had caused the royal mandate to go forth, which vacated the charters of both Colonies, the merry monarch, Charles II., in 1666, addressed a remarkable letter to the Governor and Company of the Colony of New Plymouth, in which he says: "Your dutiful behavior, and the manner in which you have conduced to the good government of our subjects in those distant parts, commend you to our royal regard and favor; and although your carriage doth of itself most justly deserve our praise and approbation, yet it seems to be set off with the more lustre by the contrary deportment of the Colony of Massachusetts. You may therefore assure yourselves that we shall never be unmindful of this your loyal and dutiful behavior, but shall, on all occasions, take notice of it to your advantage; promising you our constant protection and royal favor, in all things that may concern your safety, peace, and welfare." And, sir, when the "royal favor" was manifested by the Protestant monarchs, William and Mary, in the granting of the new charter, which united us in one happy brotherhood, we find in that instrument itself, after reciting the acts of their "dearest uncle, King Charles II.," that one of the inducing causes of the royal pleasure in reorganizing and giving new vitality to the colonial governments was, "to benefit their good subjects of the Colony of New Plymouth." Massachusetts has never yet forgotten, and we trust never will forget, how much she owes to the Old Colony, whose independent existence was thus merged in her own.

But, Mr. President, I feel — as I have no doubt every one who listens to my voice feels — that it is a personal right, as well as privilege, to be here to-day, either as host or guest, to participate in a celebration in honor of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. I come, sir, from a good Old Colony stock, through both lines of descent. My immediate ancestors, impelled by very proper motives, like the great founder of my native State, it is true, emigrated from the Old Colony. And, I may say, if they were to leave the Old Colony for any other portion of the world, they could not do better than follow the example of Roger Williams himself, and trust themselves to the kindness of the Narragansetts. But if I was thus subjected to the simple contingency of being born out of its jurisdiction, I certainly have manifested my love for it, and my loyalty to it, by coming back to the Old Colony as soon as I arrived at years of discretion, and uniting my fortunes for this world and for ever with a scion of the unimpeachable, good Old Colony stock, — a lineal descendant of stout old Miles Standish himself; whom, it has been said by some malicious scandal-mongers among historians, our fathers, at certain periods of their history, would have been very well content to have got rid of, but that they could not get on without him. They needed the arm of the church militant on certain interesting occasions, and they found it nerved to its utmost tension in the honored ancestor of my children, Captain Miles Standish. [Here the speaker was interrupted by the Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, with



the remark, "And of my children too."] I am proud, sir, [addressing Dr. Adams,] to claim you as a cousin, and by so near a remove.

But, after all, Mr. President, we none of us need these personal, much less these official relations to the Old Colony, to give us a deep and heartfelt interest in the celebration of this day, — the anniversary of the embarkation on their perilous voyage to New England of that little band of persecuted Christians, who, in Old England, their tender love for which never abated in their hearts, had been driven from prison to prison, who had seen six of their number executed for their fidelity to their religious faith, and who at last escaped, through many perils, from the fens of Lincolnshire, and sought, not a home, not a refuge, not a place of repose, but a spot of safety for the hour, among the dissenters in Holland. Thence, after a sojourn of ten or twelve years, they ventured forth, in that "leaky, crazy bark" which you say, sir, "sped so well," but which, you will pardon me for reminding you, only succeeded in reaching the coast of England, where her passengers were transferred to that other honored craft, which so bravely pursued its fatiguing way across the ocean, and which, having landed here its precious freight, still "kept the sea," and subsequently made nine voyages from Plymouth Harbor and Massachusetts Bay to Old England and back. That immortal ship can no more be forgotten, than the little flower from which it took its name can cease to blossom from year to year, on our hill-sides and in our forests, to remind

generation after generation, as they breathe its fragrance, that it was the Mayflower which once bore within its wooden walls the destinies of this mighty empire.

Mr. President, a modern English author has said for us, in a few quaint but vigorous Saxon sentences, all that we need, to tell the story of to-day. With the single anachronism, that he has carried the Mayflower to Delft Haven, instead of taking her, as the Pilgrims did, at Southampton, he has drawn for us a true and striking picture. In a spirit as reverent towards our fathers as it is laudatory of us as a nation, he says: —

“Hail to thee, poor little ship Mayflower, of Delft Haven, — poor, common-looking ship, hired by common charter-party, for coined dollars, — calked with mere oakum and tar, — provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon. Yet what ship Argo, or miraculous Epic ship, built by the sea-gods, was other than a foolish bum-barge in comparison. Golden fleeces or the like these sailed for; thou, little Mayflower, hadst in thee a veritable Promethean spark, — the life-spark of the largest nation on our earth, — so we may already name the Transatlantic Saxon nation. Honor to the brave and true! They verily, we say, carry fire from heaven, and have a power that themselves dream not of. Let all men honor Puritanism, since God has so honored it.”

Does not this tell the whole story of this day's commemoration? That spark, then kindled, is still burning, and is destined to no extinguishment, while the ages roll on.

Let us for a moment glance at some of the striking contrasts of that day of the embarkation and this of its commemoration. And first, does it not almost reproach you, sir, that we, the stalwart sons of such sires, are here to celebrate their memories under this benignant summer sky, when they came here amidst the frosts of winter ; and when, instead of the bright sunlight pouring down to cheer and illuminate their new-found home, "the snow was falling around them, while their dying fell as fast" ?

Another contrast is exhibited between the barks in which they trusted themselves to the perils of the sea, — the "Speedwell," or the "Mayflower," — and one of those magnificent floating palaces of our day, — the "Sovereign of the Seas," the "Skylark," or by whatever other ambitious names these triumphs of our naval architecture are called ; and still another, between that weary four months' passage of the Mayflower and the nine days' wonder of our ocean steamers, which month after month is repeated, carrying us back to the land of our fathers, and returning us to our homes, almost before our neighbors have missed us from our accustomed haunts.

Ay, Mr. President, other contrasts press upon me, — one suggested at the moment by the welcome presence of the distinguished Senator on your left. The assembling of that *convention*, for *three hours*, in the cabin of the Mayflower, and the glorious constitution which it had prepared in that brief space, for adoption or rejection by the whole race of man, in all coming time, and that other Convention, with its

probable product, for our adoption or rejection, whose *three months'* session in the Capitol is depriving us of the presence of many whose faces we hoped to see, and whose voices we hoped to hear on this occasion; and from which I congratulate you, Mr. Senator, [turning to Hon. Mr. Sumner,] that you have been fortunate enough to emerge to-day. I believe that first constitution, which was signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, is the only one extant with which no subsequent generation has ever found fault. Most happy shall we be, if the Old Colony shall find such *perfect justice* meted out to her by the labors of our modern Solons, as our fathers stamped upon that instrument, for all who were to be governed by its provisions. We shall have no cause of complaint, if they furnish us with a constitution as wise and as just as that which was framed by our wise and just ancestors, two hundred and thirty-three years ago.

But let us look at one congratulatory contrast. Sir, I love to speak, as her chief magistrate, of what Massachusetts has done, and is doing, in the glorious cause of popular education,—of her schools, her colleges, and all the appliances and means that she has devised to carry out that leading idea of the fathers, that “knowledge, with virtue, must be the saving grace of this people”; and when I reflect that she has now accumulated in her treasury an amount which the Pilgrims, in their wildest dreams, could never have imagined, devoted to the cause of education,—that her school fund exceeds a million of dollars, and is still increasing,—and when I contrast

this with the first school fund of the Plymouth Colony, which, as the records tell us, was a contribution of the herring fishery of Cape Cod, appropriated to the support of the first free school in the Colony, I thank God that Massachusetts has at least been true to one of the "conditions of her existence."

I might multiply these contrasts, but I forbear. There is one, however, which I will venture to suggest, that this occasion, with all the ennobling associations and influences it has brought to our hearts, may not, so far as I have any agency in its proper observance, pass away as a merely pleasant pageant.

I would not have it so. I would have the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, when they meet to do homage to their memories, catch something of their noble and self-sacrificing spirit, and bear forth from a scene and service like this some good seed, that by and by their children may return to this consecrated Rock, "bringing their sheaves with them."

Sir, if there is a contrast which the history of the Pilgrims and the apparent tendency of the popular sentiment of our own time suggest as more striking than all others, it is in the prevailing ideas of a nation's progress which were entertained by our fathers, and those which are now sought to be inculcated amongst us.

What, sir, was the Pilgrim's idea of a nation's progress and a nation's glory? He was content to labor and to suffer, to "build better than he knew," looking forward to no reward but that which came from the approving smile of the great Task-master himself.

He was content to do the duty that lay nearest to him, and to leave events with God. He was content — ay, and with him those noble women — God bless their memories! — who could stand by the couch of the dying, and close the eyes of the dead, when the famishing wolf was howling at their door, and while their sick and suffering babes were clamoring for the life which they alone could give, — they were content, even then, in humble confidence and trust, to leave their destiny to Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men. They asked for no manifestations. They fostered no self-sufficient, presumptuous pride, in the idea that it was the “manifest destiny” of the Colony of New Plymouth, the tree that they had planted and watered with so many tears, to grow into an empire, until its branches overshadowed a continent.

But what is the “manifest destiny” doctrine of our day, with which we are constantly stimulating our national arrogance and self-conceit? Is it, Mr. President, and sons and daughters of the Old Colony, of the true Pilgrim stamp, and will it bear the test of their Christian chemistry? I believe the most recent and authoritative exposition of it is, — almost forgetting that there is a God who ruleth among the nations of the earth, — that it is the “manifest destiny” of this country of ours, and one of the inexorable conditions of its existence, to “march, march, march!” in the path of Pagan Rome, as restless as the eternal tramp of the Wandering Jew, which is taken for its emblem, through fields of battle and of blood, till its

mission is accomplished. Mr. President, who relishes this foredoomed and predestined tramping for a nation like this? Who is not rather content to see his country cultivating the glorious arts of peace, a reverence for God, a respect for law, and an observance of that great principle of justice towards others, which the late John Q. Adams declared was the highest honor of our Pilgrim Fathers. "They were the first European colonists," he says, "who observed the natural rights of the Indian occupant to the soil on which he lived,—that every acre of territory they acquired,"—whether the consideration was "a pair of jack-knives and a copper chain with a jewel in it," to which you, sir, have alluded, or whatever else was the equivalent,—"every acre and inch of their territory was obtained by a fair compact with those who held the soil." The most eminent writer on public law of modern times, the celebrated Vattel, has done merited honor to the colonists of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, when he says, that "they were the first to establish this preceptive rule of natural justice and national right."

Sir, are we content to abide by the example of our fathers in this respect, or do we desire to go on and make it one of the conditions of our national existence, that we should *march*, MARCH, MARCH! No, sir; the Pilgrims had a better motto and watchword than that, under which to advance and conquer; they saw, with an undimmed eye, in the clear sky above them, more distinct than the fabled cross of Constantine, God's great admonition to all the dwellers on

the earth, "*Work, WORK, WORK,*" — "*Pray, PRAY, PRAY*"; and as they were faithful to the heavenly vision, *the great march still went on*, as it will continue to go on, if we are faithful also. Industry, piety, and frugality, with an unwavering trust in God, they were content to follow, as the unerring guides to national prosperity and honor.

Mr. President, my fellow-countrymen, sons and daughters of New England, which do you choose? Which will you carry from this scene of joyous festivity and pious commemoration, as your guide in the coming days? That the onward march of the country you love, and in which your children are to live, shall be symbolized by the Wandering Jew, or by the Christian Pilgrim?

I anticipate your response, here and everywhere, where there is a drop of the Pilgrim blood still warming the heart or suffusing the countenance of a son or daughter of the good old Pilgrim stock. And I ask you to unite with me in the wish I shall utter as a sentiment for this day and hour: —

*The Sons and Daughters of New England*, — May *their* contributions to the true glory of the republic be ever exhibited in an unwavering fidelity to those principles of their Pilgrim Fathers that were founded upon THE ROCK.

THE PRESIDENT. — "Our Pilgrim Fathers landed here, but first they landed somewhere else on this continent; and we cannot meet at the festive board, or anywhere else, without remembering that cape which stretches away far into the sea. That soulless Constitutional Convention, which has been alluded



to on the present occasion, has deprived us of some gentlemen who were expected to speak here to-day. I call it a "soulless" Convention, without meaning any disrespect to that body. I think if they had the soul of Massachusetts in them, they would have adjourned this day, and let their members come down here. But one half of the crew of the *Mayflower* died within the first six months, and still the Pilgrim Fathers got on; and we can get along too, notwithstanding the Convention. We are deprived of the gentleman who was to answer the toast I am now to read; but Cape Cod has more than one to speak for her. I give you:—

"*The Cape Cod Association*,—Plymouth in 1644 gave one *Prince* to Cape Cod; Cape Cod has to-day sent us many *Princes* in return."

This was responded to by H. A. SCUDDER, Esq., of the Cape Cod Association:—

I rise somewhat reluctantly, Mr. President, to respond to the sentiment which you have proposed, in the absence of others to whom the duties and the honors of this office more properly belong. Nor should I venture, for one moment, sir, to trespass upon the forbearance of this assembly, except in obedience to your command. Not that the place, or the occasion, is without interest; not that my soul, untouched by sympathy, has power to withstand the inspiration of this hour; but from fear that the lips might fail to give proper utterance to the real sentiments of the heart. For who can suppress those emotions which naturally arise in the midst of so many and such associations as cluster around this consecrated spot.

Why, sir, here is Plymouth Rock, and there is old

Cape Cod, — there, too, is Cape Cod Harbor. What places so memorable among the records of the past? What names more sacred to the cause of human progress, in ancient or in modern times, in the Old World or in the New? Is not this the very scene where dawned the earliest light of New England history? Was not this the theatre of those moral and political events which have made New England classic ground? Around us are those waters which bore upon their bosom the Mayflower and her company. Before us lies the very haven which first embraced that Pilgrim ship. Beneath us is the very soil which first received the impress of those Pilgrim feet. Those very principles, which at present form the basis of our great American republic, which quicken and adorn her noblest institutions, were they not cradled in yonder cabin of the Mayflower? were they not rocked upon those very billows which even now are rolling before our eyes, and are humming their deep-toned lullaby along these shores?

Truly this is a place for sacred thought and pious meditation. Well may the dweller upon these shores feel that the soil whereon he rests is hallowed ground. Well may the wandering child, revisiting these shores, feel a spirit of holy veneration mingling with his affections for his native land. Well may the Christian traveller turn aside from his journeying, and pause awhile to kneel in grateful adoration upon the shores of Plymouth and Cape Cod. Well may the patriot and philosopher direct their footsteps hitherward, to gaze upon these shores, to call to

mind their early history, and here to indulge in emotions scarcely less sacred than those produced upon the pious pilgrim's heart even at the sight of his beloved Jerusalem!

Prompted by sentiments of love and veneration for the past, deeming the place and the occasion appropriate, the citizens of the various towns within the limits of the Old Colony of Plymouth have gathered here to-day to celebrate the anniversary of the embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven. The scenes and the ceremonies of that day have elsewhere been depicted in language beautiful and touching. That was indeed a day of sad remembrances, of fearful misgivings, and of sorrowful forebodings. What tears, what prayers, what yearnings of the heart were there! With what fear and trembling did they bid adieu to the endearments of the past, and trust themselves to the untried perils of the future. The destinies of that hour no one could foresee; they were known only to the mind and in the counsels of that Omniscient One, on whom alone our fathers cast themselves for guidance and protection. Was ever a day so dark, and yet so eventful as that, — wherein the hand of Omnipotence is now so visibly revealed? Was ever an adventure so hopeless in its beginning, — in whose results the special counsels of the Almighty are now so plainly manifested?

Although I have not the honor, Mr. President, to be enrolled among the members of the Pilgrim Society, under whose auspices and at whose invita-

tion we are this day assembled, yet it is my privilege to claim a membership among those of another, a sister association, and thus to feel a common sympathy in every thing pertaining to this occasion. It is a pleasing spectacle to behold, not only individuals, but communities and kindred associations, coming up hither, and here uniting as children of one common family, to offer their tribute of affection at one common shrine. It is proper, and it is becoming, that on such an occasion our hearts, "like kindred drops, should mingle into one." From the sentiment which you have had the kindness to propose, from the language in which that sentiment was couched, I know, sir, how willingly you will permit those of us who trace our origin to the various sections of this favored land, not only to participate with you, but even to claim our portion, in the honors and in the ceremonies of this day.

The entire territory of the Old Colony of Plymouth is to the heart of the patriot and the Christian consecrated ground. There is not a single spot within her ancient borders, from Plymouth Rock to Cape Cod Harbor, which does not abound in hallowed associations. It seems, indeed, almost indispensable, in forming a proper conception of the labors and the trials of our fathers, from the day of their embarkation at Delft Haven up to the time of their arrival on this side of the Atlantic, and during the period of their colonial existence, that one should have travelled throughout the length and breadth of their primitive domain, especially that he

should have visited the shores of Cape Cod, and have looked upon her dreary coast, in the dreary season of November.

Feeble and imperfect, at the best, are all our conceptions of the hardships and adversities encountered by our ancestors. We always find it difficult to reproduce the past. So gradual and so imperceptible is the work, which is continually going on around us, that our recollections become merged in the realities of the present, and we unconsciously lose sight of the change which has been effected. Even Nature herself is oftentimes so modified and improved by art, that we forget that she was not always so adorned in loveliness and beauty. Such, however, — fortunately for our purpose, — such is not universally the case. Many of those who are present here to-day will not soon forget the impressions produced, and the sentiments awakened, during a recent visit of that Association to which you have referred, to the sandy shores of Provincetown, — that earliest landing-place of the Pilgrims in America; a place so closely connected in history with the scenes we this day celebrate, that I trust a passing allusion, even at this time, may not be deemed inappropriate. There nature seems to have retained the features of her primeval state. No art of husbandry, with all its genial influences, can ever efface the general desolation which there prevails. In her naked sterility she remains, as she seems to have remained for ages, apparently without variation or even the shadow of change. Upon her parched and barren surface appear no signs of

healthy vegetation. Within her veins the quickening pulse of life seems never to have beaten. Her bleak and dreary sand-peaks lift their heads along that coast, doubtless the same this hour as on that memorable day when first our fathers sought and found a shelter within their cheerless embrace.

Surrounded by such impressive mementos of the past, and aided by the associations which they suggest, our minds were naturally carried back to that ancient period. We dwelt anew upon its history. We called around us the events and the circumstances of that day, comparing its hardships and its adversities with the blessings and advantages of the present moment. As our gallant steamer went gliding through those waters, as I gazed upon her banners streaming in the breeze, and listened to the sound of music on her decks, as I mingled in those circles of gayety and mirth, and participated in the pleasures of that joyous company, whose hearts were overflowing with plenty and good cheer, I could not help contrasting the pageantry and the beauty of that scene with one which happened two centuries before, when around that selfsame point, and through those very waters, shattered and disabled, wrestling and struggling with the elements, came that Pilgrim bark, with her little company of fugitives on board. O, sir, thought I, how widely and how sadly different was it then, with those wandering exiles, whose streaming banner was but the signal of distress, whose music was but the whistling wind, and the tempest howling above them and about

them, and whose hearts, though "stout and brave," must yet like "muffled drums" have beaten, as they drew near that solitary coast, and met no kindly welcoming on shore!

As often as I have visited that spot, I have never failed to climb those overhanging cliffs, and look out upon that heaving ocean, and there, sir, more than once, have I endeavored to call around me the scenes and the associations of that period so eventful in the history of mankind. Far out upon that trackless waste have I stretched my eyes, as if, by the aid of imagination, I might, perchance, behold that tempest-stricken vessel, tossing and plunging along, and smelling her way through those dark waters in search of a promised land. But I know how difficult it is to reproduce such scenes, and how dangerous the attempt to portray the same by the ordinary arts of speech. In truth, all efforts to depict the heroism and the suffering of those days must prove imperfect and unavailing. A portion of that drama, the moral tragedy which it presented, we can never fully comprehend. Gratifying, indeed, might it be to us, while this day visiting the sepulchres of our fathers, if, having the power, we dared to invade the sacred silence of the tomb, and call forth its sheeted tenants into life. If we could look upon those patriarchs of New England, — if we could witness their deeds, and listen to their counsels, — if we could take those veterans by the hand, and hold communion with them, face to face, — then, to some extent, might we learn the depth of purpose, the unfaltering will, the daunt-

less courage, and the undying faith, which strengthened and sustained them.

Could we but take along with us those venerable fathers of the first New England generation, to become our guests on this occasion, to them, indeed, it would prove a feast of miracles. If with them we could ascend those Pisgah heights where once they doubtless stood and viewed the wilderness around them; — if with us they could thence look down upon that “city in the sand,” with its glittering spires and beautiful abodes, its winding streets and sea-girt borders, all teeming with industry and thrift; — if they could look down upon that little harbor, once so desolate and drear, but now so full of life, with its flying pennants and its fluttering wings of commerce; — if once more they could look out upon that wintry waste which has since become the highway of the nations, and there behold those pilots and policemen of the ocean, stretching along the coast, to guide the uncertain traveller over the deep, or to guard those floating palaces and vehicles of commerce which are continually passing to and fro, from continent to continent; — if with us, sir, they could embark on board one of our noble steamers, to glide along those shores where once they wandered in their crazy shallop, — and there, instead of barren wilds, haunted by savage men, could they behold those thriving border towns, together with those little fleets of fishermen which cluster like clouds about the headlands; — if, with the declining sun, they could behold those beacon-



lights which rise upon those headlands and gleam by night upon the bosom of those waters ; — if they could behold all this, and even more than I have power to describe, how might it cheer the aged Pilgrim's heart, and how like good old Simeon might he exclaim, " Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Nay, sir, — but we would not let them thus depart. They should go along with us to that great metropolis of New England. Arm in arm with those stern old Pilgrims would we wander about the " city of the Pilgrims." They should behold her shipping skirting her borders as with a leafless forest ; — they should behold her wharves and her warehouses groaning with abundance ; — they should look upon her granite blocks and her magnificent abodes, upon her churches and her temples ; — they should become acquainted with her moral, her social, and her religious institutions, with the industry, enterprise, and intelligence of her citizens ; — and then should they be told that all this is but the legitimate result of those examples which they set, and the lessons which they taught.

O, sir, if, mounting the iron steed of this nineteenth century, they could travel throughout the different portions of New England, along her cities and her seaports, upon her lakes and rivers, over her mountains and through her beautiful valleys ; — if they could behold her six republics, built upon those solid foundations which were hewn out and planted by their hands ; — if, leaving these

abodes, they could take their way across this mighty continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, visiting in turn those thirty-one republics, great compeers and copartners in the cause of freedom, finding everywhere among their leading citizens the children of New England, wearing, not only the habits, the customs, and the principles, but even the surnames, of the Pilgrim and the Puritan ; — if, lastly, they could enter the great capital of our nation, and there behold her noblest institutions based upon the principles of that compact originally signed by them in the cabin of the Mayflower, in the harbor of Cape Cod ; — would they not hold up their hands in wonder and amazement, — and might they not with propriety exclaim,

“ Quis jam locus, . . . . .  
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris ? ”

How naturally the heart regrets, that, according to the lot of man, they could not have survived to witness the triumphant progress of their cause, and taste the abundant fruits of their endeavors. They were not able to look into the seeds of time, and thus predict the destinies of the future, — glorious as they were yet to be, through their humble ministrations. They could not, therefore, with a prophet's eye foresee, nor with the voice of prophecy could they foretell, that, in the fulness of time, “ every knee should bow, and every tongue confess,” before the shrine which they had here erected. No, sir, in the mysterious providence of God, it was ordained that they

should live and toil and suffer and die, even as they did, without a single glimpse, or even a conception, of the results which awaited their posterity. What may be the final destiny of those institutions which our fathers came hither to establish, even we ourselves are unable to predict. What we have already seen, that we know; farther than this belongs to the uncertain future. We trust, indeed, that the whole earth is yet to be the temple of universal freedom, and that all mankind shall become devoted worshippers therein.

Those earliest pioneers, who planted the standard of humanity upon these shores, are gone to their silent graves. Carver and Bradford and Winslow and Brewster,—Pilgrim and Puritan,—all lie sleeping in their narrow beds. But their memories, with their principles, survive. Upon the wings of immortality shall they be borne to the latest generations of mankind. What a lesson have those devoted men left behind them for human contemplation! By it we are taught, that in the exercise of the severer virtues lies the only proper source of glory and renown. We are taught that life is but a passing shadow,—that man is mortal, and destined to decay, but that principles are eternal and imperishable. The works of man, sir, may crumble into dust,—generations may vanish, their theories and their systems may come to naught,—but the truths which they embody shall endure for ever.

Before the sacred altar of the past we kneel to-day in reverence, to commemorate the virtues of those

honored sires, and to perpetuate the memory of their deeds. Mr. President, it is not only fit and proper, but it is good for us, to have been gathered, in such a cause, upon this hallowed spot. Our visit to this place—the earliest dwelling-place of the Pilgrims—cannot pass without its effect upon the mind. Aside from those pious duties which, as children, we have thus discharged, there is an influence in this occasion which reacts upon the heart. As the Christian traveller, in his Oriental journey, visits the scenes where once occurred those miracles and events so memorable in sacred history, and there indulges in the associations of the past, until by faith he almost seems to walk with Abraham and Moses, and to hold communion with the prophets and the apostles of later days,—listening to their precepts, and drinking still deeper from the fountains of religious truth,—so with the patriotic descendant of the Pilgrim and the Puritan, as he wanders about these consecrated grounds, and surveys those places so renowned in the history of our land, he feels a spirit of holy veneration rising up within him; and while he is stepping in the very footprints of those ancient men, he seems also to behold their venerable faces, and to hear their voices speaking to him out of the past,—and he is thus more deeply impressed by those lessons of political and religious wisdom which they taught.

Permit me, sir, in concluding these remarks, to offer the following sentiment:—

*The Children of the Old Colony of Plymouth.* Faith-

ful in their attachments to their native land. — Like old Antæus, they gain new strength at every contact with their mother earth.

The President prefaced the next sentiment as follows: —  
 “ Now that Massachusetts has spoken, and Cape Cod has spoken, I have to introduce to you one, who, it may be said, is the founder of this celebration ; a gentleman who has filled stations of honor in our country, and who has always honored the stations he occupied. I need say no more, for the heart knows whom I mean. I will simply announce the sentiment: —

*“The Embarkation of 1620, — and its results.”*

MR. EVERETT arose, and was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering.

You have been good enough, Mr. President, to intimate that, among our numerous honored guests, (to whom your complimentary remarks, with possibly a single exception, might have applied with as much justice as to myself,) I am the individual to whom you look, to respond to the toast that has just been announced. I rise to obey the call. It is true that there is a single circumstance for which it is possible that the allusion may be more exclusively applicable to me than to any other gentleman present. It is most true, that, on one pleasant occasion on which I have been at this delightful and beloved Plymouth, I suggested that it might be expedient, not always, but occasionally, to transfer the celebration of the great day from the winter to the summer season. Supposing that to be the allusion which you had in your mind, I feel that I may without impropriety obey your call by rising to respond to the toast that has just been given.

It is now hard upon thirty years since I had the honor, on the 22d of December, to address the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims, assembled at this place. I deemed it a peculiar privilege and honor. I deem it, sir, a still greater privilege to find myself here on this joyous occasion, and to be permitted to participate in this happy festival, where we have an attendance of so many distinguished friends and fellow-citizens from distant parts of the Union, — from almost every State in the Union, sir, you have already told us ; where we are favored with the company of the representatives of the New England Society of New York, one of those institutions which are carrying the name and principles of the Pilgrims to the farthest ends of the land ; where we are gratified with the presence of our military friends from the same city, the great commercial emporium of the United States ; where we are honored by so much of the gravity, the dignity, and the character of the community, and are favored with the presence of so much of its beauty, grace, and loveliness.

I do indeed, sir, feel it to be a privilege to be here under these circumstances, and I deem myself most highly honored in being called upon to respond to the toast which you have just announced, in commemoration of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, and its results. The theme is vast ; I shrink from it ; I know not where to begin, or where to end. It seems to me, sir, that you yourself, in the remarks with which you have favored the company, struck the keynote of this great theme, in alluding to the state of

this vast continent before the Pilgrims came, and to the situation of its primitive inhabitants. There is the beginning. I could not but feel it, as I saw one or two of them, poor wanderers, as we came into Plymouth, seated by the road-side, wondering spectators of the pageant which was passing before their eyes.

A few days ago, as I saw in the newspapers, two light birch-bark canoes appeared in Boston Harbor, containing each a solitary Indian. They seemed, as they approached, to gaze in silent wonder at the city of the triple hills, rising street above street, and crowned with the dome of the State-House, and at the long line of villas stretching far into the background; — at the numerous small vessels outward bound, as they dropped down the channel and spread their broad wings to the breeze, and those which were returning weather-beaten from the ends of the earth; — at the steamers, dashing in every direction across the harbor, breathing volumes of smoke from their fiery lungs. They paddled their frail barks with dexterity and speed through this strange, busy, and to them, no doubt, bewildering scene; and having made the circuit of East Boston, the Navy Yard, the city itself, and South Boston, dropped down with the current, and disappeared among the Islands.

There was not a human being of kindred blood to utter a word of welcome to them, in all the region which on the day we now commemorate was occupied by their forefathers in Massachusetts. The race is gone. It would be a mistaken sentimentality to re-

gret the change; to regret that some thousand uncultured barbarians, destitute of all the improvements of social life, as we understand it, and seemingly incapable of adopting them, should have yielded gradually to the civilized millions who have taken their place. But we must, both as men and as Christians, condemn whatever of oppression and wrong has marked the change, (as is too apt always to be the case when strong and weak are brought into contact with each other,) and without affectation we may indulge a heartfelt sympathy for the feeble and stricken relics of once powerful and formidable tribes of fellow-men.

On the 1st of August, 1620, the circumstances of the two races, as far as this part of America is concerned, presented very nearly the reverse of the picture we have just contemplated. On that day, the territory now forming the States of New England was occupied by numerous Indian tribes, some of which were strong and warlike. They were far behind the natives of Mexico and Peru, but they had added some simple agriculture to their hunting and fishing,—their moccasins, and snow-shoes, and stone hatchets, and arrow-heads, and wampum-belts, evinced their aptitude for the humble arts of savage life; they retained unimpaired their native independence, ignorant of the metaphysical claims to sovereignty which powerful governments three thousand miles off founded upon the right of discovery; and neither the arts, nor the arms, nor the diseases, nor the vices of civilized life, had commenced that terrible warfare



against them, which has since been pushed nearly to their extermination.

On that day, and in this condition of the American races, a handful of careworn, twice-doomed English exiles set sail from Delft Haven, in Holland, with the intention, after being joined by a few brethren of the faith in England, to encounter the then much-dreaded perils of the Atlantic, and the still more formidable uncertainties of their projected settlement on the outer edge of the New World. Two centuries and a third have passed, the momentous ages of national infancy, childhood, and youth have been rapidly lived through, and six prosperous republics, parents of a still increasing family of States in the boundless West, have grown up in the wilderness. In the mean time, in this part of the continent, the native inhabitants have sunk far below the point of comparative weakness, down to the verge of annihilation; and we have assembled now and here to celebrate the day on which this all-important change commenced.

I allude, Mr. President, to this revolution in the condition of this continent, and the races that occupy it, not as introducing a narrative of familiar incidents or a train of commonplace reflections, but as pointing directly to the great problem which first presented itself on the discovery of America, and the agency of the Pilgrim Fathers in its solution,—an agency whose first public manifestation might be said to commence with the ever-memorable embarkation at Delft Haven, to which I have just referred.

The discovery itself of the American continent may, I think, fairly be considered the most extraordinary event in the history of the world. In this, as in other cases, familiarity blunts the edge of our perceptions; but much as I have meditated, and often as I have treated this theme, its magnitude grows upon me with each successive contemplation. That a continent nearly as large as Europe and Africa united, spread out on both sides of the equator, lying between the western shores of Europe and Africa and the eastern shore of Asia, with groups of islands in either ocean, as it were stopping-places on the march of discovery,—a continent not inhabited indeed by civilized races, but still occupied by one of the families of rational man,—that this great hemisphere, I say, should have lain undiscovered for five thousand years upon the bosom of the deep,—a mystery so vast, within so short a distance, and yet not found out,—is indeed a marvel. Mute nature, if I may so express myself, had made the discovery to the philosopher, for the preponderance of land in the eastern hemisphere demanded a counterpoise in the west. Dark-wooded trees, unknown to the European naturalist, had from age to age drifted over the sea and told of the tropical forests where they grew. Stupendous ocean currents, driven westward by the ever-breathing trade-winds, had wheeled their mighty flexures along the American coast, and returned to Europe with tidings of the everlasting breakwater which had stopped their way. But the fulness of time had not yet come. Egypt and Assyria, and Tyre and Car-

thage, and Greece and Rome must flourish and fall, before the seals are broken. They must show what they can do for humanity before the veil which hides its last hope is lifted up. The ancient civilization must be weighed in a balance and found wanting. Yes, and more. Nature must unlock her rarest mysteries; the quivering steel must learn to tremble to the pole; the astrolabe must climb the arch of heaven, and bring down the sun to the horizon; science must demonstrate the sphericity of the earth, which the ancients suspected, but could not prove; the press must scatter the flying rear of mediæval darkness; the creative instincts of a new political, intellectual, and social life must begin to kindle into action; and then the Discoverer may go forth.

He does go forth. The discovery is made; the balance of the globe is redressed. A continent nearly equal in extent to one half the ancient hemisphere is brought to light. What momentous questions present themselves! Another world! Is it a twin sister of the ancient world? It has mountains, and rivers, and lakes, and forests, but does it contain the homes of kindred man; — of cultivated races, who have pursued, independently of their Eastern brethren, separate, perhaps higher paths of civilization? In a word, has the great cause of Humanity made an immediate gain by the wonderful event which has added so much to the geography of the world as before known?

The first contact answered these questions in the negative. The native races, apparently incapable of

assimilation, seemed doomed by a mysterious Providence to pass away. The Spaniard came upon them, borne on winged monsters, as they thought, from beyond the sea; careering on strange quadrupeds, — horse and rider, as they supposed, forming but one animal; and he advanced under cover of that fearful ordnance, which they mistook for the three-bolted artillery of the skies. He came in all these terrors and he brought them death. Those that escaped have borrowed little from us but the poisonous cup, — the loathsome malady, — the murderous weapon. The skies are mild, the soil is fertile, there is every variety of climate, — a boundless theatre for human enjoyment and action, — but the appointed agent was not there. Over the greater part of the new-found continent, society, broken down by eternal wars between neighboring tribes, — at once in its decrepitude and infancy, — had not yet risen even to the pastoral stage. Nature, in fact, had not bestowed upon man the mute but faithful partners of his toil, — the horse, the ox, the sheep, and other still humbler associates, whose aid (did he but know it) lies at the basis of his civilization; who furnish so much of his food and clothing, meat, milk, eggs, wool, skins, and relieve his weary muscles of their heaviest burdens. In a word, there was no civilized population to stand up and enter into equal comparison and generous rivalry with Europe. The discoverer has come; but the settler, the colonist, the conqueror, alas that I must add! too often the oppressor and destroyer, are to follow in his train. By these various agencies, joyous and

sorrowful, through these paths of triumph and woe, the culture of the Old World, in the lapse of successive generations reformed of its abuses, enriched with new arts, animated by a higher spirit of humanity, transferred from the privileged few to the mass of the community, is to be reproduced and perfected in the West.

I need not say to this company, assembled on the shore of the haven for which so many noble hearts on that terrible voyage throbbed with sickening expectancy, — that quiet haven where the Mayflower furled her tattered sails, — that a greater, a nobler work was never performed by man. Truly, the *opus magnum*, the great work of humanity. You bid me speak of that portion of it which devolved on the Pilgrims. Would to heaven I could find words to do justice even to my own poor conceptions, and still more that I could find conceptions not far below the august reality! A mighty work of improvement, in which (not to speak of what has been done in other portions of the continent) the poor, solitary Mayflower, so to say, has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land, to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of the simple compact which was signed in her cabin, to which you, sir, [Governor Clifford,] have just alluded, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a constitution of republican government for all this growing family of prosperous States. But

the work is in its infancy ; my honored friend will indulge me in the bright vision of its certain progress. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land ; and what is not done directly by ourselves must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example. The work — the work must go on. It must reach at the North to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never-melting barriers of Arctic ice ; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar-peaks of Chimborazo ; it must look up and worship the Southern Cross. From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun, as he goes down to his pavilion of purple and gold, it must make the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice, in the gladsome light of morals, and letters, and arts. Emperors, and kings, and parliaments, — the oldest and the strongest governments in Europe, — must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent, but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken on the spot where we are now gathered, by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

Providence from the beginning strewed their path with salutary hardships. Formidable difficulties beset them from the first. Three years of weary negotiation had failed to procure for these noble adventurers the express sanction of the British government ; they scarcely obtained its reluctant and tacit permission to banish themselves to the ends of the earth ; and

their shattered private fortunes allowed but the meanest outfit; but on the 1st of August, 1620, under these poor auspices, they embarked, a handful of Pilgrims, to lay upon this spot the foundation, not only of this our beloved New England, but of all that portion of United America which traces its descent to this venerated stock.

When we contrast the heart-stricken company which on that day wept and knelt on the quay at Delft Haven, till the impassive spectators, ignorant of the language in which their prayers were offered, and the deep fountains of grief from which their sorrows flowed, were yet fain to melt into sympathetic tears, — when we compare them with the busy, prosperous millions of our present New England, — we seem to miss that due proportion between results and their causes which history delights to trace. But a deeper and more appreciative study reveals the secret.

There are two Master Ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man, the only ideas, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times, by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims, these Great Ideas are GOD and LIBERTY. It was these that inspired our Fathers; by these that their weakness was clothed with power, that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought.

I am aware that to ascribe such a result, even in

part, to the influence of religion, will sound like weakness and superstition in this material age; — an age at once supremely sceptical and supremely credulous, which is ready to believe in every thing spiritual rather than God, and admits all marvels but the interposition of his providence; — an age which supposes it a thing of every day's occurrence to evoke from their awful rest the spirits of the great and good, and believes that master intellects, who while they lived, obstructed with these organs of sense, ravished the ear with the tongues of men, and, having now cast off "this muddy vesture of decay," are gone where they speak with the tongues of angels, can yet find no medium of communication from the eternal world but wretched inarticulate rappings and clatterings, which pot-house clowns would be ashamed to use in their intercourse with each other, — as if our matchless Choate, for instance, who has just electrified the land with a burst of eloquence not easily paralleled in the line of time, and worthy of the illustrious subject of his eulogy, if sent with a message from a higher stage of being, would creep skulking and rapping behind the wainscot, instead of coming in robes of light, with a voice like the music of the spheres; — an age, I say, that believes all this, and yet doubts and sneers at the wonder-working fervors of earnest men, swayed by the all-powerful influence of sincere faith.

It believes — yes, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it believes that you can have the attraction of gravitation, which holds the universe together, sus-



pended by a showman for a dollar, who will make a table dance round the room by an act of volition, — forgetful of the fact, that, if the law of gravitation were suspended for the twinkling of an eye, by any other Power than that which ordained it, every planet that walks the firmament, yea, all the starry suns, centres of the countless systems, unseen of mortal eyes, which fill the unfathomed depths of the heavens, would crumble back to chaos, — but it can see in the Pilgrims nothing but a handful of narrow-minded bigots, driven by discontent from the Old World to the New; and can find nothing in the majestic process by which United America has been established as a grand temple of religious and civil liberty, — a general refuge of humanity, — but a chapter in political history, which neither requires nor admits explanation.

Mr. President, this may sound like philosophy, but it is the philosophy of the Sadducee; it is a text on which Isaac Laquedem himself might lecture. It quenches the brightest glory of our nature. The Pilgrims were actuated by that principle, which, as I have just said, has given the first impulse to all the great movements of the modern world, — I mean profound religious faith. They had the frailties of humanity. This exalted principle itself was combined with human weakness. It was mingled with the prejudices and errors of age, and country, and sect; it was habitually gloomy; it was sometimes intolerant; but it was reverent, sincere, all-controlling. It did not influence, it possessed the soul. It steeled

the heart to the delights of life ; it raised the frame above bodily weakness ; it enabled the humble to brave the frowns of power ; it triumphed over cold and hunger, the prison and the scaffold ; it taught uneducated men to speak with persuasive fervor ; it gave manly strength and courage to tender and delicate women. In the admirable letter of Robinson and Brewster, — whom I call great men, Mr. President, — written, in 1617, to Sir Edwyn Sandys, — whom, they pathetically say, “ under God, above all persons and things in the world, we rely upon,” — among the suggestions which they make to encourage him to further their undertaking is this : —

“ We do verily believe and trust that the Lord is with us, unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that he will graciously prosper our endeavors, according to the simplicity of our hearts.”

The men who can utter these words with sincerity, and who have embarked in a just cause, have already succeeded. They may not gather the fruit, but they have planted the seed ; others may build, but they have laid the foundation. This is the spirit which in all ages has wrought the moral miracles of humanity, — which rebuked and overturned the elegant corruption of the classical polytheism, as it did the darker and fiercer rites of Thor and Woden, — which drove back the false and licentious crescent into Asia, and held Europe together through the night of the Middle Ages, — which, limited neither to country, communion, nor sex, despite of human weaknesses and errors,

in the missions of Paraguay and the missions of the Sandwich Islands, in Winthrop, in Penn, and in Wesley, in Eliza Seton and Mary Ware, has accomplished the beneficent wonders of Christian faith and love.

But, sir, our fathers embraced that second grand idea of civil liberty with not less fervor than the first. It was a kindred fruit of the same stock. They cherished it with a zeal not less intense and resolute. This is a topic for a volume, rather than for the closing sentence of a speech at the dinner-table. I will only say that the highest authorities in English history, Hume, Hallam, Macaulay, neither of them influenced by sympathy with the Puritans, concur in the opinion that England was indebted to them for the preservation of her liberties in that most critical period of her national existence, when the question between prerogative and law, absolute authority and constitutional government, was decided for ever.

In coming to this country, our fathers most certainly contemplated, not merely a safe retreat beyond the sea, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, but a local government founded on popular choice. That their foresight stretched onward through the successive stages of colonial and provincial government which resulted in the establishment of a great republican confederacy, it would be extravagant to pretend, but from the primitive and venerable compact signed on the 11th of November, 1620, on board the Mayflower,

while she yet nestled in the embrace of Provincetown Harbor, after her desolate voyage, like a weary child at evening in its mother's arms, through every document and manifesto which bears on the question, there is a distinct indication of a purpose to establish civil government on the basis of republican equality.

In a word, Mr. President, their political code united religion and liberty, morals and law, and it differed from the wild license which breaks away from these restraints, as the well-guided railway engine, instinct with mechanical life, conducted by a bold, but skilful and prudent hand, and propelled in safety towards its destination, with glowing axle, along its iron grooves, differs from the same engine when its speed is rashly urged beyond the point of safety, or when, driven by criminal recklessness or murderous neglect, it leaps madly from the track, and plunges with its crushed and shrieking train into the jaws of destruction.

Mr. Everett was frequently interrupted during the delivery of his very eloquent address, and at the close was complimented with a round of nine hearty cheers.

THE PRESIDENT. — "The next sentiment I have to offer will be received with regret by every son of New England. As the gentleman who has just sat down has referred to his speaking on one of our celebrations, — in 1824, — I am compelled to carry your thoughts a little further back than that. But I will simply give as a sentiment: —

*"Our late distinguished fellow-citizen and neighbor, — the orator of 1820, — DANIEL WEBSTER."*

The toast was received with a becoming stillness by the audience. Music, "Pleyel's German Hymn."

THE PRESIDENT. — “ On our tables are the words of a poem written by a distinguished citizen, — Rev. William P. Lunt of Quincy, — in honor of this auspicious occasion. As our time is limited, however, we will sing only the first and last stanzas of the poem.”

Several ladies and gentlemen then gave the following verses in an exceedingly spirited style.

## I.

Ye men of Christian England,  
That stand for Truth and Right, —  
Whose Faith has nerved a thousand hearts,  
In exile and in fight !  
Your dauntless virtue trust again ;  
In God confide once more ;  
And flee o'er the sea  
Where the stormy waters roar ;  
Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,  
And the stormy waters roar.

## II.

The forms of saints and martyrs  
Shall blessed convoy keep ;  
For oft has Christian faith been tried  
“ In perils of the deep ” ;  
And He who bade the winds “ be still,”  
Shall speak as once of yore,  
While ye flee through the sea  
Where the stormy waters roar ;  
Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,  
And the stormy waters roar.

## III.

Batavia has no refuge  
For those who are opprest ;  
That boon is hid for Pilgrim feet  
In deserts of the West ;

Go, build your cherish'd commonwealth  
 On far Columbia's shore,  
 And flee o'er the sea  
 Where the stormy waters roar ;  
 Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,  
 And the stormy waters roar.

## IV.

The Star of Freedom westward  
 Must tread its cloudy way,  
 Till, breaking from the gloom of night,  
 It leads a glorious day :  
 Then, then, ye sea-tossed wanderers !  
 Shall sons their tribute pour  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the waves have ceased to roar ;  
 When the wrath of man is turned to praise,  
 And the waves have ceased to roar.

The President, in giving the next toast, said they had already been delighted with the words of a distinguished member of the Senate of the United States. They were favored with the presence of another ; and he would give as a sentiment :—

*"The Senate of the United States, — The concentrated light of the stars of the Union."*

HON. CHARLES SUMNER responded as follows : —

MR. PRESIDENT, — You bid me speak for the Senate of the United States. But I cannot forget that there is another voice here, of classical eloquence, which might more fitly render this service. As one of the humblest members of that body, and associated with the public councils for a brief period only, I should prefer that my distinguished colleague [Mr. Everett], whose fame is linked with a long political life, should

speaking for it. And there is yet another here [Mr. Hale], who, though not at this moment a member of the Senate, has, throughout an active and brilliant career, marked by a rare combination of ability, eloquence, and good humor, so identified himself with it in the public mind, that he might well speak for it always, and when he speaks all are pleased to listen. But, sir, you have ordered it otherwise.

From the tears and trials at Delft Haven, from the deck of the "Mayflower," from the landing at Plymouth Rock, to the Senate of the United States, is a mighty contrast, covering whole spaces of history, hardly less than from the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus to that Roman Senate which, on curule chairs, swayed Italy and the world. From these obscure beginnings of poverty and weakness, which you now piously commemorate, and on which all our minds naturally rest to-day, you bid us leap to that marble Capitol, where thirty-one powerful republics, bound in indissoluble union, a Plural Unit, are gathered together in legislative body, constituting a part of One Government, which, stretching from ocean to ocean, and counting millions of people beneath its majestic rule, surpasses far in wealth and might any government of the Old World when the little band of Pilgrims left it, and which now promises to be a clasp between Europe and Asia, bringing the most distant places near together, so that there shall be no more Orient or Occident. It were interesting to dwell on the stages of this grand procession; but it is enough on this occasion merely to glance at them and pass on.

Sir, it is the Pilgrims that we commemorate to-day ; not the Senate. For this moment, at least, let us tread under foot all pride of empire, all exultation in our manifold triumphs of industry, of science, of literature, with all the crowding anticipations of the vast untold Future, that we may reverently bow before the forefathers. The day is theirs. In the contemplation of their virtue we shall derive a lesson, which, like truth, may judge us sternly ; but, if we can really follow it, like truth, it shall make us free. For myself, I accept the admonitions of the day. It may teach us all never, by word or act, although we may be few in numbers or alone, to swerve from those primal principles of duty, which, from the landing at Plymouth Rock, have been the life of Massachusetts. Let me briefly unfold the lesson ; though to the discerning soul it unfolds itself.

Few persons in history have suffered more from contemporary misrepresentation, abuse, and persecution, than the English Puritans. At first a small body, they were regarded with indifference and contempt. But by degrees they grew in numbers, and drew into their company men of education, intelligence, and even of rank. Reformers in all ages have had little of blessing from the world which they sought to serve ; but the Puritans were not disheartened. Still they persevered. The obnoxious laws of conformity they vowed to withstand till, in the fervid language of the time, "they be sent back to the darkness from whence they came." Through them the spirit of modern Freedom made itself potent-



ly felt, in its great warfare with authority, in Church, in Literature, and in the State; in other words, for religious, intellectual, and political emancipation. The Puritans primarily aimed at religious Freedom; for this they contended in Parliament, under Elizabeth and James; for this they suffered; but so connected are all these great and glorious interests, that the struggles for one have always helped the others. Such service did they they do, that Hume, whose cold nature sympathized little with their burning souls, is obliged to confess that to them alone "the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution."

As among all reformers, so among them there were differences of degree. Some continued within the pale of the national Church, and there pressed their ineffectual attempts in behalf of the good cause. Some at length, driven by conscientious convictions and unwilling to be partakers longer in its enormities, stung also by the cruel excesses of magisterial power, openly disclaimed the national Establishment and became a separate sect, first under the name of Brownists, from the person who had led in this new organization, and then under the better name of *Separatists*. I like this word, sir. It has a meaning. After long struggles in Parliament and out of it, in Church and State, continued through successive reigns, the Puritans finally triumphed, and the despised sect of Separatists, swollen in numbers, and now under the denomination of Independents, with Oliver Cromwell as their head and John Milton as his Secretary, ruled England. Thus is prefigured

the final triumph of all, however few in numbers, who sincerely devote themselves to Truth.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth were among the earliest of the Separatists. As such, they knew by bitter experience all the sharpness of persecution. Against them the men in power raged like the heathen. Against them the whole fury of the law was directed. Some were imprisoned; all were impoverished, while their name became a by-word of reproach. For safety and freedom the little band first sought shelter in Holland, where they continued in indigence and obscurity for more than ten years, when they were inspired to seek a home in this unknown Western world. Such in brief is their history. I could not say more of it without intruding upon your time; I could not say less without injustice to them.

Rarely have austere principles been expressed with more gentleness than from their lips. By a covenant with the Lord, they had vowed to walk in all his ways, according to their best endeavors, *whatsoever it should cost them*, — and also to receive whatsoever truth should be made known from the written word of God. Repentance and prayers, patience and tears, were their weapons. “It is not with us,” said they, “as with other men, whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again.” And then, again, on another occasion, their souls were lifted to utterance like this: “When we are in our graves it will be all one, whether we have lived in plenty or penury, whether we have died in a bed of down or on locks of straw.”

And yet these men, with such sublime endurance and such lofty faith, are among those who are sometimes called "Puritan knaves" and "knaves-Puritan," and who were branded by King James as the "very pests in the Church and Commonwealth." The small company of our forefathers became the jest and gibe of fashion and power. The phrase "men of one idea" had not been invented then; but, in equivalent language, they were styled "the pinched fanatics of Leyden." A contemporary poet and favorite of Charles I., Carew, lent his genius to their defamation. A masque, from his elegant and careful pen, was performed by the monarch and his courtiers, wherein the whole plantation of New England was turned to royal sport. The jeer broke forth in the exclamation, that it had "purged more virulent humors from the politic bodies than guaiacum and all the West Indian drugs from the natural bodies of the kingdom."

And these outcasts, despised in their own day by the proud and great, are the men whom we have met in this goodly number to celebrate; not for any victory of war; not for any triumph of discovery, science, learning, or eloquence; not for worldly success of any kind. How poor are all these things by the side of that divine virtue which made them, amidst the reproach, the obloquy, and the hardness of the world, hold fast to Freedom and Truth! Sir, if the honors of this day are not a mockery; if they do not expend themselves in mere selfish gratulation; if they are a sincere homage to the character of the

Pilgrims, —and I cannot suppose otherwise, — then is it well for us to be here. Standing on Plymouth Rock, at their great anniversary, we cannot fail to be inspired by their example. We see clearly what it has done for the world and what it has done for their fame. No pusillanimous soul here to-day will declare their self-sacrifice, their deviation from received opinions, their unquenchable thirst for liberty, an error or illusion. From gushing multitudinous hearts we now thank these lowly men that they dared to be true and brave. Conformity or compromise might, perhaps, have purchased for them a profitable peace, but not peace of mind; it might have secured place and power, but not repose; it might have opened a present shelter, but not a home in history and in men's hearts till time shall be no more. All will confess the true grandeur of their example, while, in vindication of a cherished principle, they stood alone, against the madness of men, against the law of the land, against their king. Better be the despised Pilgrim, a fugitive for freedom, than the halting politician, forgetful of principle, "with a Senate at his heels."

Such, sir, is the voice from Plymouth Rock, as it salutes my ears. Others may not hear it. But to me it comes in tones which I cannot mistake. I catch its words of noble cheer: —

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth:

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate  
winter sea."

THE PRESIDENT.—"There have been so many eloquent voices in our Senate that I might say I do not know to whom the gentleman referred. But I will not tell that story. Every painter, when executing his picture, claims the right to put the figures upon the canvas in his own way. A living voice from that Senate will be heard here this afternoon."

The President then proceeded to read a letter from the Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

*Niagara Falls, July 23, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your obliging communication of last month, inviting me to unite with the Pilgrim Society in celebrating the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven, on the 1st of August, was duly received.

I thank you for it sincerely, and still more for the very kind and complimentary terms in which it was conveyed. I have deferred giving it a formal and final answer until this late day, from a real reluctance to say *no*, and from the hope that I might still see my way clear to be present on the occasion. But I am journeying in this region with my family, for their health as well as for my own, and there is no longer the slightest prospect of my being within striking distance of Plymouth for some weeks to come.

I have united heretofore in commemorating the virtues and heroism of our Pilgrim Fathers both on the 22d day of December and on the 17th day of September, and I should cordially join in consecrating still another day to their memory. They cannot be remembered too often, or revered too deeply ; — and that, not as a mere matter of respect and gratitude to the dead, but for the improvement and instruction of the living.

Rarely, indeed, has there been a moment in our history when it was more important than at this moment that the American people should remember not merely the rock on which the Pilgrims

landed, but the *Rock* in which they trusted, and should cherish and hold fast to the principles which fitted them to become the fathers and founders of a great country.

We are rushing along in the path of national development and extension with a velocity, of which the Rapids at this moment in my view hardly furnish an exaggerated emblem ; and there is too much cause for apprehension that the roar of the torrent, and its sparkling spray, and its many-colored mist, may deafen and dazzle and blind us to the dangers which always beset an impulsive and precipitate career. It will be well if we do not forget that the only safe and sure progress is *the Pilgrim's Progress* ; — a progress begun, continued, and ended in the fear of God, in respect for government, in the love of freedom, and in justice to all mankind.

The descendants of the Pilgrims and the sons of New England are now scattered far and wide over a vast continent, and their enterprise and influence are upon every plain and hill-side and river of our land. Let them see to it that their lives and practice are in keeping with the origin of which they are so justly proud, and let them prove their title to hail from Plymouth Rock, not merely by genealogies and pedigrees, but by emblazoning the virtues and principles of the Pilgrims upon their own character and conduct. Then will our country be secure.

Accept once more, my dear sir, my cordial thanks for your friendly and flattering invitation, with an assurance of my sincere regret at being unable to be with you, and allow me to place at your disposal for the occasion the subjoined sentiment, which has been suggested by the scene before me : —

*Plymouth Rock*, — May it never become a *Table Rock*, upon whose crumbling platform the descendants of the Pilgrims shall assemble to contemplate the decline and fall of the American Union.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE PRESIDENT. — “ And now, gentlemen, from Massachusetts we will go in a short twinkling to South Carolina. I give, —

“ *South Carolina*, — We welcome her sons to the birthplace of New England.”

Music, “ Polka.”

MR. RICHARD YEADON, of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, responded as follows :—

DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, — The distinguished and generous compliment just paid to the State of South Carolina, and the enthusiastic manner in which it has been received by this vast and patriotic throng, devolve on me, in the opinion of my fellow South-Carolinians here present, the office and the duty of attempting to make a suitable response. In recent memory, however, of the noble and classic strains of eloquence which have rolled from distinguished New England lips, and ravished New England ears and hearts, this day, — strains [pointing to Mr. Everett] which are only comparable to the music of the spheres, and lips which, like those of the prophets of old, may justly be styled lips of fire, — I almost sink appalled from the task, and dread to mingle the feeble and discordant notes of my penny whistle with the trumpet tones and rich harmonies of illustrious speakers worthy of the Athenian rostrum or the Roman Senate in their palmyest days. But never shall it be said that the Palmetto Fort failed to respond to Bunker Hill, either in the interchange of the friendly salute, or in the discharge of volleyed thunder and iron hail against the common foes of our common country. Like the gallant and lamented Butler, the commander and the hero of the ever-glorious Palmetto regiment, I must not, and will not, shun a place in the picture, though it be near the flashing of the guns.

Sons of the Pilgrim Sires, — I feel honored in my

association with you this day, in the festive, although temperate, celebration of an event, than which none more important in its bearings on human destiny is chronicled on the historic page. It is the departure of your Pilgrim fathers and Pilgrim mothers from Delft Haven on the 1st of August, 1620, in that frail and often imperilled bark, the Mayflower, under the guidance of their pastor and of their God, to seek religious and establish civil liberty in the wilderness of America, — to found an eternal rock, the rock of truth, externally symbolled by the Plymouth Rock, near which we reverentially and joyously stand, — a new empire of freedom, destined to solve successfully the problem of popular self-government, and to surpass, in extent of territorial domain, in greatness and glory, and in the production of the greatest good to the greatest number, all other empires, ancient or modern, which history records in her instructive annals, or which yet play their parts on the grand theatre of national existence. Descended, as I am maternally, and as numbers of my fellow South-Carolinians are, either paternally or maternally, from Huguenot ancestors, who fled from even greater persecutions than did your Puritan fathers, and encountered equal perils and made equal sacrifices with them for religion and liberty, I can fully sympathize and fraternize in feeling, in principle, and in hope, with this multitudinous concourse of worthy sons assembled to do honor and reverence to worthy sires, — decked and crowned as it is with the beaming presence of the lovely daughters of the Pilgrim mothers.



Permit me, fellow-citizens of Massachusetts, to seize this occasion for the purpose of twining a common garland in honor of the illustrious and now immortal trio, who, after serving their common country with an extent and variety of service that made them and her glorious, have gone successively and at short intervals to the grave, to be mourned by their mother States with a domestic and a hearth-stone grief, — a sorrow that refuses to be comforted; by sister States, also, with responsive sympathy, and by the nation at large, as bereft at once of her brightest and most cherished jewels, and her strongest and noblest pillars. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were, beyond all comparison, the three men of America; and long, if ever, will it be ere three stars equal in magnitude and lustre will be again seen culminating at the same time on our national meridian. The similitudes and affinities in their gifts, history, and career are numerous and striking. They were not far removed from each other in age, and they came very nearly at the same time on the arena of public and political life. Each, in the very incipency of his public career, was recognized as an intellectual Hercules, and sprang, at a single bound, to the loftiest eminence. Each, while living, was the most cherished son of his particular State; and now that all of them are tenants of the grave, neither of their mother States would exchange her dead offspring for any living son in Christendom. Each, in his own section, stood without compeer in greatness and in the popular affections; yet each was regarded as

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the common property of the republic, rendering her illustrious service in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and in the field of diplomacy, influencing her measures and her destiny by their sage counsels, in peace and in war, identified with her history and her onward march, and, in a large measure, constituting her fame. They all alike towered above the men of their country and of their time, moral and intellectual pyramids in the midst of an intellectual and enlightened generation. Each was a practical farmer, fond of rural elegance and rural pursuits, and skilled in agricultural science. Calhoun, at Fort Hill, his elegant and well-ordered mountain farm; Clay, amid the shades and rural wealth of his beautiful and romantic Ashland; and Webster at his Marshfield, encircled by agricultural abundance, reposing from the cares of state, and dispensing neighborly kindness and elegant hospitality, — each aspired to the chief magistracy of the republic, seeking the noble end by noble means, and with motives “that make ambition virtue”; and each alike failed to win the noble and glittering prize, and each alike deserving, although not commanding success. There was, perhaps, too, a similarity in the reasons or causes of their common failure. Clay, when about to make his great anti-Abolition speech in the Senate of 1839, was warned by a gifted Senator from South Carolina, — the Hon. William C. Preston, — that, with his well-known opinions on the question of slavery, and in view of his aspirations for the Presidency, it would be as well not unnecessarily to offend the Abolitionists; but the

prompt and decisive answer of the great Kentuckian and patriotic American was, "I would rather be right than be President"; and the Abolitionists became thenceforth his bitterest foes, and in all probability prevented his election to the Presidency in the subsequent contest with Mr. Polk. We learn, from the eloquent and classical eulogy of the accomplished Choate, worthy to take its place in the richest casket and among the brightest gems of English oratory and English literature, that a similar incident adorns the history and illustrates the character of the illustrious Webster. When warned that his patriotic and constitutional course on the compromise of 1850 would endanger his prospects to the chief magistracy of the nation, "with his great eyes glowing, and the very lightning flashing from his face," his answer was, "I would not swerve a hair for the Presidency." So, too, with Calhoun, the stiffness of his unpopular opinions on the subject of State Rights, and especially the Roman firmness of his opinions on the great and absorbing question of Southern rights, were the chief barriers to his success as an aspirant for the Presidency. But although they all stood alike excluded, by their very greatness, from the Presidential chair, every one agrees that they want nothing earthly to complete their fame; that they would have been more honoring than honored in wearing the Presidential laurel; and that as "Senators in the Senate-house" they were as suns in the political firmament, eclipsing in lustre and in glory the lesser stars that have twinkled their feeble radiance from the

highest place of the republic. That there were diversities between them in the structure of their minds, in the character of their intellectual endowments, in their mental habitudes, in their range of knowledge, and in their order and style of speaking and of eloquence, cannot be doubted ; but wherever they differed, it was as one star differeth from another star in glory. Similar as they were in their lives, in death they were not far divided, and they met the final doom of mortality in very similar circumstances, — each dying at the post of duty and in the harness of the republic, — two of them at the national capital, and the third during an intended temporary absence from it, but while yet charged with the cares of the nation. It is recorded in Holy Writ, that “the glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another” ; and these illustrious compeers having coequally participated in the one, may we not piously, in this mundane sphere, indulge the hope that they are now rejoicing and beatified participants in the other one, — the heavenly courts, the empyrean realms above ?

Before closing my remarks, so inadequate to this great and interesting occasion, I cannot forbear doing reverence to the manes and the shade of the illustrious Webster for his constitutional fidelity to the South. It sprang from principle as well as feelings imbibed from parental instruction ; and it is no wonder that the boy who first read and studied the constitution of his country on a cotton handkerchief, should have been unswerving and faithful in giving the full benefit of

that constitution to the cotton States of the South and West. It was under this hallowed influence that, at Richmond, in 1840, he made the memorable declaration, that, "in the capital of Virginia, under the light of an October sun, he gave it to the wings of the wind, and wished it borne to every corner of the republic, that Congress had no power whatever, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the several States"; and it was in the same spirit that he took that noble stand in 1850, which saved his country from fraternal strife, — the Union from dissolution. And while thus, as a Southerner, rendering homage to the illustrious dead, let me also do homage to the illustrious living, and return my grateful thanks to the great speaker of the day, the gifted, the glorious Everett (Webster's worthy successor in the Cabinet and in the Senate-chamber), for the declaration and sentiment uttered by him in Congress, many years ago, but still indelibly impressed on my memory: "There is no cause in which I would more readily shoulder a musket, than to put down a servile insurrection in the South." Let me here, too, narrate an anecdote, or an incident, connected with the great Carolinian, and his love and admiration for Massachusetts and Boston. It was in my last conversation with him, just before he departed from Charleston on his last mission to Washington, that he broke out in warm, glowing, and loving eulogy of Massachusetts and Boston, — referring to the time when Josiah Quincy came as a missionary from Massachusetts to Charleston and

South Carolina, to enlist the descendants of the Huguenots with the descendants of the Puritans, in the Boston tea-party, in the coming struggle for American independence, which then cast its great shadow before, — dwelling, with evident pleasure, on the ancient ties, political and social, which once united the two sister commonwealths and the two sister cities, and discoursing eloquently on the affinities which yet obtained between them, in conservation, in hospitality, and in social elegance and refinement.

Let such principles and feelings — such as animated the bosoms of the dead Webster and Calhoun, and such as yet animate the bosom of the living Everett — be cherished and imitated, and the Union will be indeed perpetual, — realizing the loftiest and happiest destiny for itself, with the two oceans for its longitudinal, and the North Pole and the Isthmus of Darien for its latitudinal boundaries, — civilizing, Christianizing, and peopling the American continent, and by their glorious example and influence regenerating the human race. In the language of the Union anthem of a gifted son of New England, who has made the sunny South his home, I would say, this day, from a full heart: —

“ Dear to us the South’s fair land,  
 Dear the central mountain band,  
 Dear New England’s rocky strand,  
 Dear the prairied West ! ”

In conclusion, and in renewed reference to the great and lamented dead, I would suggest that a common memorial in the shape of a work of art, so

perfect in design and creation as to challenge and command the admiration of the world, should rise to perpetuate the memory, worth, and services of the illustrious trio, so alike in life and in death, emanating either from the nation at large, or from the three States more immediately concerned, as alike honored and alike bereaved. I would, therefore, propose as a sentiment: —

CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, — Let a group of statuary, chiselled in Parian marble, perpetuate their memory at the national capital; or let Kentucky, Massachusetts, and South Carolina pile a common monument to the illustrious three at Ashland, Marshfield, or Fort Hill, to awaken the admiration and kindle the emulation of posterity, “till suns shall set and rise no more.”

The next regular toast was given: —

“*The Puritans*, — They *could* not be conformists. They *would* not be hypocrites.”

HON. C. W. UPHAM, being called on to respond, said: —

MR. PRESIDENT, — The sentiment to which you have done me the honor to request me to respond, proclaims in a few words the true glory of our Pilgrim ancestors. They were confessors and martyrs of principle. They might have remained, in the continued enjoyment of comfort, competence, and respectability, at home, in the land of their nativity, and in the midst of many blessings and privileges, surrounded by friends and kindred, and pursuing the peaceful and secure paths of their accustomed daily walk.

But to do this, it would have been necessary to conform to usages which their consciences condemned, and to participate in ceremonies repugnant to their sentiments. The sacrifice, or rather compromise, thus required of them was not, perhaps, greater than many persons justly regarded with general respect, in our less scrupulous times, consider it not indefensible to make.

The Pilgrim Fathers took a different view of the subject. Although some of the points of their resolute non-conformity may appear trivial in the eyes of certain modern writers, in their minds they were identified with the essence of religion, and implicated inseparably with its very roots.

In order to avoid a resistance of the established authority, and the penalties, persecutions, and sufferings consequent on that resistance, and to secure the privilege of regulating the forms of their worship, and the habits of their life, according to their own religious convictions, without molesting or being molested by any, they abandoned all, and came over to this wilderness.

The motives that actuated them were fidelity to convictions of truth and duty, and a desire to live in peace. These motives combined formed a character of the most perfect pattern, at once noble and lovely. To these principles they consecrated themselves, and the country of which they became the founders. By a faithful maintenance and inculcation of these principles, we are to prove ourselves worthy of our glorious ancestry.



The fact that they were influenced, not only by devotion to truth, but also by a love of peace, in their voluntary exile, has not, I think, been sufficiently appreciated. There were lovelier features blended with their sterner traits. Although uncompromising, they were not bigoted. The divine sentiments of Christian charity were never more beautifully displayed than by the patriarch of the Plymouth church, when he declared that the Lord had more truth yet to break forth from his word ; or by the patriarch of the Salem church, when, leaning from the stern of the vessel in which he was borne from her shores, as they sunk in the receding horizon, with streaming eyes and outstretched arms, he bade "farewell to dear England," and implored the blessings of Heaven upon the Church which was driving him out to perish in a Transatlantic wilderness.

Fellow-citizens, with all your affectionate and devoted efforts to keep fresh in your hearts the memory of your Pilgrim Fathers, it is impossible for you, born and reared in the comforts and securities of an old settlement, to realize the condition of the first generation of the Pilgrims. On this point, allow me to say, I claim an advantage over you. I passed the years of my childhood — that period when the deepest impressions are made on the memory — in precisely such circumstances as surrounded the original colonists of Massachusetts Bay, on a rugged coast, with an unbroken wilderness behind it. The romantic and thrilling incidents of such a life — the midnight howl of the wolf, the Indian gliding in his birch ca-

noe, the solemn depths of the forest — are among my most familiar reminiscences. If I could but transcribe the pictures thus delineated on my memory, — so foreign from the experience of all who hear me, — you would be better able, I think, to appreciate the privations, perils, sufferings, and trials of your first American ancestors, than through the medium of any narrative, however minute, drawn up by subsequent historians, or any painting, however perfect in execution, derived from a fancy source. It is this which invests the original documents edited by Rev. Dr. Young, “The Chronicles of the Pilgrims,” with their peculiar interest.

But through all their sufferings they never despaired. Their noble souls were borne aloft, in a faith that was itself an inspiration. It is the opinion of some commentators and theologians, that the Hebrew prophets had, often, no realizing discernment of the truths they foretold, — certain imagery was traced before their rapt vision by the Divine hand, and all they did was to describe it, utterly unconscious of the august interpretation which the events of long and subsequent centuries disclosed. So it was with our fathers. Lowly as was their lot, bereft of all worldly greatness, placed beyond the possibility of dreaming of any, — still there was, in their policy, their phraseology, and their type of character, a wonderful foreshadowing of the glorious destiny awaiting their descendants. Providence has given a fulfilment to their words and deeds, vastly greater than ever entered their imaginations. Their very errors have

been translated into truths too grand to have been foreseen. An ignorance of the geography of America extended their charter limits from sea to sea. The crowded history of two hundred years has turned that ignorance into a prophecy, and the Pilgrim empire, dating from the hour when the foot of the exile first pressed the Rock of Plymouth, reaches to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore.

But it is not for me, fellow-citizens, to attempt these great topics. I will occupy your attention but a moment longer, in reference to the circumstances which, connecting Salem with Plymouth, have led to the invitation with which your committee of arrangements have honored me.

Some dozen years ago, quite a warm, but most amicable little newspaper controversy took place between your amiable and truly venerable townsman, the late Dr. Thacher, and myself, which terminated, as very few controversies ever do, in a complete conviction and hearty acknowledgment that both of us were entirely in the right. It related to the priority of the Salem and Plymouth churches. The conclusion of the matter was, that the church of Salem was the first created in the country, but that the church of Plymouth is older than the country itself. Before a settler had landed or a tree been felled at Naumkeag, the church still flourishing here was in the full exercise of its functions in England and in Holland, and its illustrious pastor was recognized as among the brightest of the shining lights of European Christendom.

It is the common glory and pride of Plymouth and Salem, that Roger Williams was shared between them. And, at this day, the First Church of Salem is indebted to the First Church of Plymouth for a living preacher, imbued with his spirit, and worthy of his mantle. At the origin of our settlement, you also sent to us, at a time of our great need, a skilful physician, Dr. Fuller, who, while he prescribed to the maladies of the flesh, advised with our fathers in reference to the true method of establishing a church according to the word of God. And on the 6th of August, 1629, the day when the Salem church was organized, Governor Bradford went over in a shallop, accompanied by several of the Plymouth brethren, to give us the right hand of fellowship.

In view of this incident, allow me, in conclusion, to offer a sentiment: —

“So long as the waves of the Bay roll between them, old Salem and old Plymouth will stretch forth and clasp the hands of a cordial fellowship.”

The President here announced that the evening mail had brought a number of letters, which, for want of time, he hoped the audience would consider as having been read. He would barely read one from Hon. David Sears and one from Hon. B. F. Hallett.

*Newport, R. I., July 26, 1853.*

DEAR SIR: —

I particularly regret that I am unable to attend the meeting of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth on the 1st of August. And the more, since the invitation has been so kindly extended to the Cape Cod Association, I should have been proud to have appeared as its head on that occasion.

But with all our facilities of intercourse, I cannot leave Newport to be in Plymouth on Monday morning, and return, in less than *four days*; and at present my health is such, as to render it inconvenient, if not dangerous, for me to be absent so long. I have the satisfaction, however, to know that through you, as my substitute, the C. C. will be ably led, and that your eloquence will compensate for all deficiencies of representation. Speak of the Association according to its merits, and that it has among its principal objects "the encouragement of generous sentiments, and the social affections" of the native-born Pilgrims, and descendants of *the Pilgrim Cape*.

I understand it is in contemplation to propose a subscription for the erection of a monument *on the base of the rock* on which the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and their followers within ten years, first landed. It is a noble thought, and I am sure the response to it will be full and hearty. You will do me the favor to subscribe what is fit and proper *for me, as President of the Cape Cod Association*. I shall afterwards add my subscription as a lineal descendant of Richard Sears of Plymouth.

I heartily wish you a fair day for the 1st of August, and a happy and successful time at Plymouth. Express my regrets to President Warren, and the Committee of the Pilgrim Society, and believe me, very respectfully,

Your obedient, humble servant,

DAVID SEARS,

*President of the Cape Cod Association.*

HON. BENJAMIN F. HALLETT, *Vice President of the Cape Cod Association.*

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Boston, August 1, 1853.

DEAR SIR : —

I regret the necessity of declining your polite invitation to visit you at your residence this evening at Plymouth, and as I cannot participate in the festival of the day, I feel it a duty to inclose to you a letter from the President of the Cape Cod Association, Hon. David Sears, which has matter in it worthy the President of such an Association. I refer to his suggestion of a subscription for the erection of a monument on the base of the rock upon which the Pilgrims landed.

Should the proposed subscription take form and shape at your festival, I authorize you to use the very liberal power Mr. Sears conferred on me, by attaching to his name, as President of the Cape Cod Association, the sum of four hundred dollars, to which, as his letter intimates, he will claim the right, as a descendant of Richard Sears of Plymouth, of adding such additional subscription as he may think proper.

The Cape Cod Association is prevented meeting her elder and well-beloved sister, the Pilgrim Society, as she would gladly have done, not only by reason of the absence of the President of the Association, but of her distinguished first Vice-President, Chief Justice Shaw, now on a visit to Europe.

If you will permit us to boast of our jewels, as we freely will you to extol yours, we can well say that we take pride, in common with the whole country, in being able to present to the Jurists of England an American Judge who will rank, in the science and exposition of Jurisprudence, with the most eminent of her Bench.

Nevertheless, although those we would have rejoiced to send to your festival will not be there, you will find our Association worthily represented in speech and sentiment, for *Cape Cod* was never yet known to be without her *Tongues and Sounds*.

Very respectfully,

B. F. HALLETT,

*Vice-Pres. Cape Cod Association.*

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ., *President of the Pilgrim Society.*

The next toast announced was, —

*“Our first Spiritual Planters, the early Clergy of New England, — Who, to save their consciences, renounced their livings at home, in exchange for the wilderness abroad.”*

REV. GEORGE W. BLAGDEN, of Boston, responded as follows: —

I. I am not sorry, Mr. President, that the first point in the sentiment you have just uttered presents a topic, on which the clergy have been sometimes

thought to be somewhat vulnerable; I mean "their livings."

I remember that Thomas Paine, in writing on this subject, cites the passage of Scripture, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"; and then deridingly exclaims, "O priests! priests! ye are willing to be compared to an ox, for the sake of tithes!" To which Bishop Watson, in his admirable work in reply to Paine, — called "An Apology for the Bible," — very justly rejoins, after a very short, but pungent train of remark: "It amounts to this, that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' Husbandmen, artists, soldiers, physicians, lawyers, all let out their labor and talents for a stipulated reward; why may not a priest do the same?"

Nevertheless, Mr. President, as the clergy are but men, they may, in some cases, betray the fact of their loving "filthy lucre" inordinately. We wish not to cover their faults. There are examples, however, of a very different kind. And such are seen in the Non-conformist clergy of Old England, — from whom came the first spiritual planters of New England. They did emphatically "renounce their livings." And a striking instance of it, among many others, is found in the story, so familiar to us all from childhood, of John Rogers suffering at the stake, in the reign of the Bloody Mary, — with his wife and children, as in the picture of our Primers, beholding the pains of their faithful husband and father. Nor has the spirit died out; as may be seen in the recent acts of the clergy of the "Free Church of Scotland."

II. They thus resigned their livings for conscience' sake. We shall not fully appreciate their characters, unless we remember that their consciences were neither misguided nor perverted, but enlightened by the word of God, and under the influence of hearts obedient to its precepts.

Few, if any, influences have wrought more evil in this world, than misguided and perverted consciences. At this very day, and in the midst of us, there are many, who, "wise above what is written," are doing all in their power to convulse society, because their consciences are not subjected humbly and obediently to the word of God, that only safe guide for this wonderful faculty of the human mind.

Conscience is that judgment the mind of man forms of his own character and conduct in the light of truth. It must have the truth to guide it; and unless the heart and the intellect be obedient to the truth, it becomes "defiled." This truth is the word of God. And that word the Puritans took, most emphatically, as their guide. They did all in their power to disseminate among men a knowledge of the Bible. They translated it. They issued a new edition of Tyndale's translation. They disseminated the Genevan version. "To the law and to the testimony," was their motto. The result was, that, in all the reforms they advocated, they resorted to the Scriptures as their standard and guide. They were therefore neither peevish nor malignant in their opposition to the demands of James, Mary, Elizabeth, and the first Charles. Whatever they could do to



keep peace, conscientiously, they did do. And if, in their reasoning respecting the habits of the clergy, they may have, in any instances, gone too far, their failings, like those of the good man of the poet, "leaned to virtue's side."

They were not, like some of our over-conscientious moral reformers, wise above what is written. They did not, in any sense or form, condemn God that they might be righteous. They did not call any thing a sin which was no sin, especially in respect to the existing relations of human society. On the contrary, they rendered unto all their dues,— "tribute to whom tribute was due, honor to whom honor, fear to whom fear." They had for their guidance no "higher law" than the law of God. And this law, in all and each of its revealed forms, whether in the Old or the New Testament, taught them not to seek ruthlessly and violently to alter the existing relations of society, established by human statutes, but to strike, faithfully and firmly, at the sins of men committed in those relations. This was the rule of their actions; and, in most cases, they acted fully up to their principles. If in any case they may be shown to have departed from it, it was an error of judgment, not of the heart; and it forms a clear exception to the general tenor of their course.

They are not, therefore, to be classed for a moment, in our minds, with the modern social fanatics of our day, or of any other time;— those men who do so much mischief, and with a number of whom, neither the word of God nor the churches of Christ are sufficiently pure.

III, The sentiment you have given me, Mr. President, states that, to save such consciences as I have now imperfectly described, they “renounced their livings at home, in exchange for the wilderness abroad.”

They renounced their livings at home. They went first to Holland. Holland! — to them that hospitable land. There they lived for many years, respected and beloved; until, mainly for religious reasons, they left it, and on the 1st of August, 1620, departed from Delft Haven for these shores. You have all probably read the affecting and beautiful description Morton gives of their departure thence. Morton! — in speaking of whose “Memorial” I cannot forbear saying a few affectionate and grateful words in memory of his editor, the late Judge Davis. You all have known him long and loved him well. Kind, generous, conciliating, an admirer of the Pilgrims, he ought to be mentioned here and now, for his public and his private virtues.

The minds of the Pilgrims were remarkably and gradually prepared for the great crisis in which they acted; as the minds of men usually are for the discoveries they make in science and the arts, and the great effects they produce on the ecclesiastical or political happiness of their race.

They came to the “wilderness abroad.” And what is the result? That which always follows, sooner or later, Christian suffering for conscience’ sake, — triumph! “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” Our own obligations are to pursue their principles, to follow their example, to perfect their work.

I will conclude by offering this sentiment : —

*The present Spiritual Planters of the Churches in this Country*, — May they emulate the faith and works of the first planters.

The President then gave : —

*“ Religious Intolerance, — it has peopled a continent ; Political Oppression, — it has set a nation free.”*

HON. JOHN P. HALE responded as follows : —

MR. PRESIDENT, — I think I heard you suggest just now, that you had a great quantity of letters and sentiments which you would kindly consider as read, and would hand them over to the reporters. Will you not do the same thing with me ?

My ambition is humble, and my purpose is to stand before you this evening in a path in which I shall have few competitors. I will endeavor to be brief, my friends. I regret, Mr. President, that to a sentiment of this character you have called upon me to respond. It is one that covers the whole field of religious duty and political privileges, and while you could not assign it to one who more highly appreciates these great interests, I am sure that among those who are present you could have found many that would more appropriately express the sentiments which the announcement of such a theme calls up in every Pilgrim and Puritan breast.

As you have assigned it to me, I will attempt the task, but I must confess that on this occasion I am about to ask a privilege, my friends, and it is the very last that an ambitious man ever craves, — and that is the privilege of age.

I see around me young men, ambitious men, that are just entering upon that career which I have finished and — closed. Pardon me if I endeavor to temper the ambition of youth with a little of the counsels of age.

I confess, that when I was first notified, by your kindness and over-appreciation of my poor powers, that I should be expected to say a word here, I felt exceedingly diffident as to the subject I should select, and the manner in which I should treat it. I feared that the school in which I had been taught for the past eight or ten years was not such as would most properly educate me for addressing the descendants of the Pilgrims on ground consecrated by their first sacrifices on this continent.

I feared that some bold tropes and figures with which vaulting ambition, upon the floor of the Senate, had been accustomed to tickle the ears of the multitude, might anywhere else steal in upon me, and might, before I was aware of it, obtrude themselves upon this assembly inopportunistically and inappropriately. But I find that I was under a mistake entirely, and that the boldest tropes and figures that ever rung beneath the dome of your Federal Capitol are tame to the conceptions which have been poured forth from Pilgrim lips upon Pilgrim ears to-day.

We heard there of men whose powers of digestion were so capacious that the idea of swallowing Mexico at a meal did not alarm them. To-day, in the most eloquent language, we have had the Genius of the country taking her seat at the centre of magnetic attraction, swallowing Chimborazo for supper, and kissing sunset with an affectionate embrace. And

upon a little reflection, after all, it seems to me it is highly appropriate. Why should not Young America come to maturity first in Old America's house? Why should not the places where the tents were first pitched be those where the young scions should be the most sturdy?

When shall rhetorical eloquence hereafter plead and play a second part in the great game of manifest destiny, and the sons of the Pilgrims go forward in the path which their fathers trod more than two hundred years ago? I said I was going to assume the privilege of age, that of giving advice, and I hope that by so doing I shall not trespass upon the proprieties of the occasion.

The sentiment to which you have called upon me to respond is religious oppression. Religious oppression, this day, has peopled a continent. I apprehend, much and long as we have dwelt upon that sentiment, that we have not yet appreciated it in all its length and breadth. When we are in possession of privileges, and in the full enjoyment which they give to us, without an effort and without a struggle, — when all that has been done, dared, and suffered for their acquisition, their maintenance, their support, and their transmission to us, is but a legend and tale of history, — we are but partially prepared to appreciate the tremendous sacrifices by which they were attained.

Religious liberty, the birthright of every one of us, was not born in a day. Generation after generation struggled for it. More than four hundred years ago the great truth of free and religious liberty was proclaimed in the ears of arbitrary monarchy and a big-

oted church, sounded by the notes of John Wickliff on the ear of monarch after monarch, parliament after parliament, and thundered at the doors of the state and a bigoted church.

Martyr after martyr, age after age, generation after generation, set the seal of their vitality, of their allegiance to this great principle by the sacrifice of their lives, and it was not until more than two centuries had rolled away that the Pilgrims had come to the desperate determination to seek in a foreign land that religious liberty for which they strove, and which they could not get in the land of their birth.

Do we appreciate to its full extent the tremendous responsibility of such a revolution? The facilities with which we now move from country to country, and continent to continent, have done much to lessen in our admiration and judgment the realities of that fearful measure upon which they determined to venture.

They left their native land and went to Holland, says their historian, because they heard it was a place where the hand of industry reaped a successful reward? — because it was a place where political honors might be easily obtained, or riches gathered up? No, nothing of that; but they went there, says the simple historian, in the eloquent language of truth, “because they heard that in Holland there was religious freedom for all men.”

That single fact invested Holland, in their eyes and in their hearts, with a charm which no other place could possess. They went there “because they heard” that there was no earthly barrier, no despotic

king, no hereditary church, to come in between the aspiration of the immortal soul, as it rose up to the great throne of eternity, with their highest and holiest feelings of devotion. That was what carried them to Holland. They staid there until untoward circumstances made them turn their eyes to this continent.

Allusion has been made to the discovery of this continent. Sir, I apprehend that, with all the glowing eloquence of truth with which that has been depicted before you, full justice has not been done to that thought. What was the history of these men? Generation after generation, they had striven for religious and political freedom. They placed spiritual freedom before them as the great end and aim and object of existence; it seemed as if it had been settled in the counsels of Eternity, that they could not have it on the old continent.

And then when the experiment had been tried, then when it appeared as if liberty had been despoiled of her power for ever, and as if the fiat of the Almighty had gone forth that His patience should no longer bear with men, it seemed that the Genius of Religious Liberty put up one more prayer for one other opportunity before it be abandoned for ever! And then, sir, in the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, there was revealed to the eye of science, in the solitudes of the ocean, a new continent, where they might go and try the experiment.

They came here, and they made the experiment, and it was blessed and prospered by that Providence whose hand had led them hither. But by and by

that spirit of oppression from which they fled followed them here; and it is a fact that ought to be remembered for ever, that that great spiritual revolution for which the Pilgrim Fathers had fought, and which preceded their political revolution, had been so successful and so entire in its victory, and had so completely established those rights beyond controversy or cavil, that when the hour of our political separation came, and the great duty of setting forth our wrongs to the world was devolved upon a committee of Congress, there was not the least intimation that their rights of conscience had been infringed.

No, thank God! the Pilgrims had won *that* revolution before! And, sir, it is no impeachment of that last revolution to say, that but for the spiritual revolution which preceded, it never would have taken place. Never! never!

Now it is curious to mark the history of the Pilgrim Fathers for two hundred years, during which period they strove for their rights. I see before me some of the venerable clergy. It was the abuses of the clergy of England, at that time, which was in the minds of the reformers one of the greatest evils of which they had to complain; and of course it was deemed important by the crown to shut up the mouths of the reformers against the ungodly lives of the clergy.

It is curious to remark, as an index of what the standard of clerical morality of that day was, that it was solemnly enacted, that, to stop the mouths of the Puritan ministers, clergymen should take care not to



“visit taverns and alehouses often, nor sit long at cards or dice, or any other ungodly games.”

Well, sir, they came here, and they subdued a continent ; but before they subdued a continent, they had something more difficult to subdue than a continent, and that was the purposes of bigotry in the heart, of a persecuting church backed up by a persecuting state. They overcame both of these.

It is worth while, in conclusion, to look for a single moment at what were the principles which led to their unparalleled success. I contend, and think the truth of history will bear me out, that the object at which they aimed was one of the great elements of their success. That was spiritual freedom. Give them that, and they did not care where they had it, even if they could enjoy it only upon an ice-bound coast, and amid the cruelties of savage warfare. Perils and contests of that character were thought but lightly of, if spiritual freedom might be attained at last.

They brought first an unshrinking courage, an unshaken faith, and reverence for the Divine law, which stood unawed before kings and parliaments, declaring the convictions of conscience to be the rule of conduct, and that they would be pursued at the risk of fire and fagot.

Those were the elements of their success, — faith, courage, and reverence for the Divine law. I do not know but I may offend delicate ears by calling the principle which gained them the *higher law*.

Now, here to-day, Mr. President, as the festivities

of this celebration are about drawing to a close, it seems to me that we can do most fitting honor to the memory of those whom we came up here to-day to recall, by renewing, in the sanctuary of our hearts, vows of eternal allegiance to the great principles of the Pilgrims, which have been rendered immortal by their constancy, their faith in God and their reverence for the Divine law. Let us take these and go forth with this panoply, and the success and the blessing of God which attended our fathers shall attend us ; and we shall hand down these blessings to our children's children after us.

The next toast was, —

*"The New England Society of New York, — Devoted sons of the Pilgrims. We welcome them to the Pilgrim's home."*

The next toast was, —

*"The New England Clergy, — True to their high calling, at home, and when transplanted to other States."*

The Chair called upon Mr. OSGOOD to reply.

Mr. PRESIDENT, — The shadows of evening are falling around us now, and the shades of our Pilgrim Fathers seem to speak to us at this peaceful hour that great text so mightily illustrated by their faithful lives: "Work while it is day ; the night cometh, when no man can work." The night is near, and you yet give me a work to do, which I would at once decline, were it not every man's duty to stand by his own flag ; and, although the humblest member of a profession, he must take the post assigned to him in its service.

You have named with honor the New England

clergy at home and abroad. Their home labors have already been illustrated by one amply entitled to be their representative. Who shall presume to show forth their services in other fields? Truly, they have been ever a Pilgrim race, and few lands on earth have been unvisited and unblest by their footsteps. As educators, they have borne on the wings of every wind the seeds of sound learning as well as of Christian faith; and surely there is not a State in this Union whose schools and colleges do not in some way show their honorable mark. As pastors, they have ever sought to combine the grace of social kindness with the law of duty, and clothe pastoral life with the beauty of holiness. As preachers, their word has gone far beyond the sound of their voice; and sad would be the loss to America, nay, to universal literature, were the records of the New England pulpit to be stricken from the annals of eloquence. As missionaries, their sacrifices have been offered in every zone, and they have borne their cross beneath arctic cold and tropic heat. China and California can join in witness of the power of their labors; the Ganges and the Mississippi alike chant their requiem in the flowing waters that murmur by their sacred dust. Some of these Pilgrim missionaries have been more than legislators or statesmen in their benign civil influence; for they have exalted savage tribes into nations, by transforming a savage talk into written language, and translating the Word Eternal into the otherwise perishable words of men. Here, at the hallowed place that holds the ashes of

the first of our New England clergy, let us cherish their memory with tenderness, and give thanks to our God for the Christian light that has gone hence abroad among the nations.

But, sir, I must not, in this general survey, forget the point that belongs properly to me and to the occasion. I come here to-day as a pastor of a church in a neighboring city. I come from New York, with a goodly portion of my congregation, to New England, to celebrate the departure of the first New England flock from their home of refuge in that land whose people were the founders of New York. A minister of Pilgrim lineage, I come from among the Dutch of the New Netherlands to enjoy this festival in commemoration of the departure of the Pilgrims from the Old Netherlands. However infelicitous it would be for me to suggest any comparisons between the modern pastor and the ancient one, I am very sure that our parish has some affinity with the old Pilgrim church, and parishioners stand around me now who have the Winslow and Warren and Howland blood in their veins. To prove that there is some life in that blood now, I need only say that you have a specimen of it before you in the occupant of the chair, who is of the Warrens of the Mayflower, and you must make up your own minds as to whether we are a dead parish or not.

Starting from a rural retreat in Connecticut to come hither, I met there the venerable Dr. De Witt, one of the ministers of the First Dutch Church of New York; and yesterday I shook with the same

friendly grasp the hand of Dr. Kendall, the revered pastor of the First Church in Plymouth. It seemed to me as if my unworthy hand were continuing a fellowship begun more than two centuries ago in Holland, and virtually renewed in every subsequent age which has seen the Protestantism of the Dutch and English races banded against a common foe. I would touch this friendly chord awhile; and I am not ashamed to say that it seems to me the worthy office of a Christian minister to conciliate communities sometimes disturbed by rivalry. It needs no great wisdom to show why New England and New York should be friends and helpers.

From the beginning, the relation between the Pilgrims and the Dutch was friendly. Our fathers found a quiet home in Holland, with full liberty of work and worship. If they did not receive any especial favors from the Dutch government, they were protected in their rights sufficiently to make them ask for the continuance of the same protection when they thought of planting their colony in New Netherlands instead of New England. Ought we not to be grateful that the Dutch gave the Pilgrims a home comfortable enough to enable them to rest from their exile and mature their plans, and not so comfortable as to suppress their wishes and plans for this Transatlantic shore? Perhaps they could have won more favors from Dutch wealth and patronage, if they had more eagerly importuned the ear of affluence and power. But, sir, there is one thing that Pilgrim blood can never do,—it cannot *beg*. The

New-Englander is up to almost any work of labor or ingenuity known among men, and can master any implement, from the pen to the harpoon, and be ploughman or President, as the case may be. But his is not the breed that beggars are made of; and as it is now in our day of plenty, so was it in the day of small things, when our fathers worked hard for poor fare among the burghers of Leyden, and gentle hands toiled at ungentle tasks. Had their lot been far more dainty there, they would not willingly have parted with their English birthright, and exchanged their mother tongue for a stranger's. Their writings expressly declare their attachment to the English language, and the heart felt more than the pen could tell; for, as has been well quoted this day, "They builded better than they knew." A mighty instinct was then at work in the English race, and calling them to a mighty future in word as well as in deed. The language which Shakespeare and Bacon had so perfected was within the providential keeping of that little band for its day of glory in this new hemisphere. In his way, the boy John Milton felt its movings as he burnt the midnight oil in spite of his father's remonstrance, and even then was dimming his young eyes with the dark beginnings of that "drop serene" that closed their vision at last. The Pilgrims, as they left Delft Haven to plant an English colony, knew nothing of that boy or his august dreams; nor did they write great epics like the *Paradise Lost*, or great arguments for freedom like his *Defence of the Liberty of Printing*. Their heroic

career was at once their poem in vindication of God's providence and their plea for liberty of utterance. In due time, their thought found adequate speech, and with tongue and pen they have said out those two great words already alluded to, "God and Liberty," in tones of such beauty and power as to win the ear of nations to their sound. They have said them in our free schools, our town-meetings, our colleges, our churches, our common thought and literature. Yes, when the Pilgrims turned their faces from Holland to these shores, they brought with them on their tongues the seeds of our noblest American letters; and with them Edwards, Channing, the Adamses, Webster, Story, and the strongest among our poets, historians, orators, and divines, under God's providential guidance, virtually came. I remember reading, in a work upon the philosophy of speech, that a learned scholar of Flanders, one Dr. Van Gorp, labored to prove that the Low Dutch was the primitive tongue, or the language of Paradise, and therefore in good Dutch phrase it was that Adam wooed his lovely mate, and Eve lectured her majestic lord, — if, indeed, this latter form of domestic rhetoric was ever known in those bowers of primeval bliss. Whatever may have been the opinion of the Pilgrims respecting the merits of an argument claiming the golden age of the past for the tongue of Holland, they had some idea that another tongue had promise of the golden age to come. Are not our excellent friends, sons of the Dutch of New Amsterdam, of the same opinion? Does the accomplished and learned

historian, Mr. Brodhead, regret that he is obliged to celebrate the virtues of the stout old Hollanders in his own handsome English, instead of their own vernacular? If the genial President of the St. Nicholas Society, Hon. Ogden Hoffman, had accepted your invitation, and given us a specimen of his noted eloquence, he would have convinced us of the fact of history, that English is but the old Dutch root in fuller flower, or the old Teutonic grub risen with wings from its chrysalis state; with wings, we might all say, as we listened to winged words, that prove the story of the Flying Dutchman to be not fable but fact. Right pleasant would it have been to have returned to him the greeting given by his ancestors to our fathers, and to have returned it in words that show forth the present union of races once distinct, and join the people of New England and New Netherlands in one speech and one nation. In 1627, the agent of the Dutch colony, De Rasieres, was welcomed with a flourish of trumpets, after the custom of his country, to this colony, then in its infancy. The trumpets and bugles of New York have been mingling with those of Massachusetts in the martial music of this festival, and our hearty cheers, blending with their notes, speak good-will from Plymouth Rock to the stones of the old Dutch Battery of Manhattan.

Have not our best interests from the beginning favored this friendly feeling? Who can speak the name of American commerce, and not celebrate the union between the enterprise and capital of New England and New York? When, in 1609, the little



vessel of Henry Hudson first parted the waters of the great river that bears his name, and cast anchor under the heights of the Catskills, that little vessel, the Half-Moon, was the crescent symbol of a rising commercial empire mightier far than the empire of the Arabian prophet. Commanded by an English captain and manned by a Dutch crew, Hudson's schooner was fit harbinger of that union between Holland and England upon the seas which the sons of the Plymouth and Manhattan colonists were so marvellously to consummate in this age. When, in 1614, Adrian Block launched his yacht from Manhattan, a mere boat of sixteen tons, the first vessel ever built in New York domain, there was more meaning than he knew in the name he gave it. The "Onrost"—the "Restless"—was fitting pioneer of that host of ocean racers whose flag flutters in every port on earth, and whose sail whitens on every wave. The New England merchant and sailor have their part in this great triumph, and here at home and in New York are the trophies of their power. Turn your eye now toward the east, and see the faint line on the verge of the horizon which marks the shore of that noted Cape. The parting sunlight throws its radiance upon those sandy beaches, and makes them seem what they are,—sands of gold, richer in treasure than the sands that flow down African rivers or California torrents. That narrow strip of land is the nursery of the boldest of the navigators who have shed such honor upon the American flag. There the old Norse blood has found a congenial home. There our sea-kings

have been reared, and the waves have rocked their cradle, and the winds have sung their lullaby. There the sailor-boy has learned to keep company with the breezes, and has whistled in tune with the rudest of them, until old Boreas knows that voice, and seems to remember his brave playfellow, even in the tempest of his passion. Who shall rehearse the service done to the combined commerce of New England and New York by the Cape Cod captains, that fearless race, who are ready to be masters of any craft, in any sea, whether a fishing-smack, an ocean steamer, or a man-of-war? They have done their part to make New Amsterdam more than the rival of the old Dutch city, and to raise up at the mouth of the Hudson a mercantile metropolis beyond the fame of Venice or of Tyre. In a way which a good Christian cannot condemn, the triumph of Holland in her proudest day has been renewed by her American child, and, in the speed of our peaceful merchantships, stout Admiral Tromp again sweeps the seas, and does not need to nail a broom to his masthead to tell England and the nations of his triumph. Who does not bless the benign, the pacifying mission of commerce? How often has Mars blown his trumpet, and angry nations have flown to arms, when the fleets of our peaceful commerce have hung out in every sail their flag of truce, and they have thrust their stout bowsprits between the combatants like the staffs of commissioned heralds, crying out, as they interpose their august authority, "We forbid the fight!" What herald of the cross is not ready to say, "Amen!"

Think me not obtrusive in saying a word of the friendly relations between New England and New York in the political, literary, and religious sphere. There may be some remains of an old grudge, growing out of the fact that the Dutch West India Company and the Plymouth Company at first claimed jurisdiction over nearly the same territory; and when the former relaxed the full claim over New England to the forty-fifth degree of latitude, it was not willing to yield any territory south of Cape Cod. But that old feud is happily settled, and now both parties, not as English or as Dutch, but as Americans, have all and more than all their original claim. Throughout the great crises of subsequent history, in the main, friendly relations have existed. When the Duke of York gave his flag and name to New Amsterdam in 1664, Massachusetts was little disposed to lend her aid to his arms, and Nicolls and Hyde called upon the Old Colony in vain to swell the invading squadron. Our people liked that Stuart race quite as little as did the Dutch, and were quite as glad as they were when a prince of Holland, William of Orange, fixed the Protestant faith and the hope of constitutional liberty upon the throne of England and her colonies. Then, in time, came the new union of the colonies, in resistance to British aggression, and Toryism found quite as much fault with the obstinacy of the Dutch republicans of New York as of the Massachusetts Puritans. There was a good feeling between the two, when, in 1754, the Northern States united at Albany in a general convention against French invasion, and

Franklin's plea for union was so well seconded by one of the Smiths of New York. Ten years afterwards, the same feeling came out in its fulness at the First Continental Congress, when in New York the eloquence of our Otis found an echo so electric in the patriotism of her Livingston. Not to the British crown, but to the new banner of American nationality, the honest Dutch language seemed to strike its flag, and in the chief Dutch church the preaching was finally fixed in the English tongue only on the eve of that first Congress, in which Otis called upon the people to talk no more of "New-Yorkers" or "New-Englanders," for all are "Americans." Together, the sons of the Netherlands, New England, and Virginia have built up the power of New York, and the blood of all the Old Thirteen States flows in the electric heart of the Empire City. Why should not the sons of Holland be proud of the result, and rejoice in eclipsing their ancient metropolis by the glory of this, her American daughter? Why not say that the founders triumph in all the successes of the colony thus founded? Why not say that the old patriots, the De Witts, the Barneveltdts, the Egmonts, have come back in the Jays, the Hamiltons, the Clintons, of the new republican State; and that the learning of Grotius, the elegance of Erasmus, the patience of Brandt, have been more than restored by the jurists, scholars, historians, poets, and orators that add literary honors to her commercial renown?

Once in a while, indeed, a little of the old feud between Massachusetts and New York breaks out.

The sons of St. Nicholas smoke their Dutch pipes together, until the air is somewhat too cloudy for clear perception, and Jonathan, with his children, eats so much parched corn about the 22d of December, that the corn mounts to his brain in the spirit of over-valorous boasting. Yet in the long run the two are the best of friends, and could not get along without each other, either in trade or in society. It seemed to me, a few days ago, that I saw in our busy Broadway a just emblem of the actual state of feeling between the leading elements of our metropolis. St. Nicholas has, you know, built him a great palace, the finest in the world of its kind, it is said, and there he entertains guests by the thousand, with the cheer of princes. But mark how tolerant he is. He allows the Irving House to stand on his right, and the Prescott House on the left, in a catholicity of temper quite honorable in a potentate of his years and honors. So at his right hand sits Washington Irving, whose roguery St. Nicholas is willing to forgive, in consideration of the sterling good-nature which makes every place to him like his own *Sunnyside*, and forbids his hurting any man's feeling or any Knickerbocker's good name more severely than in a sham-fight of playful wit, that breaks no bones. There, too, at his left, beneath the Saint's burly shoulder, sits Prescott, — who, with Bancroft and Sparks, completes the honored trio of living New England historians, — in token that the old grudge is forgotten, and New York can be proud of the pride of Massachusetts.

Excuse me, Mr. President, for all this rambling remark, and allow me the credit of wishing a heartier mutual appreciation between New England and New York. The New-Yorkers are not slow to honor your institutions and your men. How hearty was the welcome always given in New York to your Webster! — never more hearty than when over the grave of Fenimore Cooper he spoke words of tender remembrance, that have since returned to many minds in connection with his own obsequies. How enthusiastic was the greeting given to your Everett so lately, when thousands from every land on earth thronged to hear those words of generous appeal for the stranger in America, which proved so eloquently that in our national annals patriotism and humanity should walk hand in hand! Will you not return the sentiment, and appreciate New York fairly, even at the cost of some pet prejudices? A very large number of the sons and daughters of New England have come hither from New York to enjoy this festival, and are glad to hear the friendly sentiment just read from the chair. I beg you to believe that we care something for your good-will, and that the swarm from the Old Colony that has built its hive in New York claims something of the affection sometimes monopolized by the honey-bees of Boston. Here, at the ancient mother's feet, we are all children, and the younger as well as the older daughter retains her birthright and asks her share of its love.

Do not believe that New York is the heartless seat of worldliness and ostentation sometimes so de-

scribed. Believe that there is much of cordial goodwill, much of sincere piety and charity, in our city. If we have more than our share of vice and misery which visit us from every quarter of the world, appreciate, I pray you, the energy and principle that hold these social dangers in check, and restrain foreign violence, whilst they rebuke and dethrone municipal corruption. It sometimes seems to me as if certain critics of our ways and manners in the East judged us as some unskilled spectator judges the barn where the farmer is plying his winnowing-machine. He stands at a distance, blinded by the chaff, and sneezing at the tingling dust borne by the wind to his sensitive nostrils, whilst he is not near enough to see the golden grain that falls quietly into the garner. Be careful to appreciate what is good in New York, if not for its own sake, at least for our sake. Pilgrims from your shrines, we have found there a hospitable and cherished home, for which we owe gratitude to those who have made us strangers no more. Honor every leading community in the land, and you honor yourselves, for the seed from your field has part in the plenty that cheers every portion of our great domain, and New England is everywhere.

A parting word of brotherly greeting, and I take my seat. Happy indeed is this assembly! We all know each other well, for, however strangers in name, we have been brought up in the same way, in the same schools and churches and homes, upon the same bread of heaven and water of life. We have been boys and girls together, and together to-day

we can rise up and call our mother blessed, and rejoice in her smile. As I see this bright parterre before me now, I should not wonder if some young men, in describing this festival to distant friends, should quote the words of Governor Winslow's letter, more than two centuries ago, which named among the native products of the new colony, "Abundance of roses, white, red, and damask; single, but very sweet indeed." Some happy men here present know very well that the roses of Plymouth do not cease to be sweet when they cease to be single, and their fragrance is the charm of the Pilgrim's home wherever he dwells. How many of you have come back to New England to find the light of your eyes; and if perchance any wanderer has fallen a victim to some fair maiden of Dutch lineage, or some brilliant damsel of the Old Dominion, he accounts for the fact by saying that she had a New England look, and secures to him a New England home! Common joys, common trials, we all have shared. Almost all of us have sometimes had to struggle with hard fortune; and we have all found, if we have only kept a firm hold, the wrestler that has for a time lamed us has left with us a blessing, that has proved him to be a good angel in disguise. Peace, our peace, Heaven's peace, be with this Old Colony and our loved New England! We cannot render or pray for any greater blessing for our common country, than for the progress of those principles and institutions that have given the Pilgrim Fathers their name among the founders of states and the exemplars of religion.



I close, Mr. President, by giving a sentiment that sums up the friendly thoughts that I have so poorly tried to set forth in my cursory words: —

“Let us all say from Plymouth Rock: God’s blessing on our young America! — the mingled blood of all nations flows in her veins; no drops of that blood should be more generous, more loyal, more youthful, than the drops that descend from the old Pilgrim heart.”

The President then gave the following toast, which was much applauded: —

“*New York, the Emporium of Foreign and Domestic Trade*, — With one hand she grasps the commerce of the West, and with the other, like Venice, espouses the everlasting sea.”

The next toast was, —

“*Boston*, — Distinguished alike for education, philanthropy, and enterprise.”

The Hon. Benjamin Seaver, Mayor of Boston, felt obliged to return to the city, and had left before this sentiment was reached.

The next regular toast was, —

“*The Press*, — The best index to Pilgrim’s Progress.”

MR. FULLER of New York, having been called on to respond to this toast, remarked that, for some reason which he could not explain, the Press were usually, of late, assigned a place at the close of the order of exercises. He had no speech to make. From the number of reporters he saw present, he presumed that the proceedings of the day would be given fully to the world. But he would not say more than to return thanks in behalf of his brethren of the press for the compliment which had been paid them.

Several gentlemen were present from whom speeches were expected, but time would not allow. The following regular toasts were read by the President, and responded to by the band: —

“*The Militia*, — The arm that protected the Old Colony in its weakness; that gives dignity and grace to the State in her strength.”

“*Cape Cod*, — The right arm that sheltered the Mayflower. The ocean attests her gallantry and her enterprise; the courts of justice, her learning and her worth.”

Replied to by Mr. Hinckley, of Barnstable.

The following volunteers were read: —

“*James Otis*, — His head was cracked by a British officer, but his intellect cracked the British empire.”

“*Massachusetts and California*, — The first and thirty-first editions of the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ ”

“*The Day we celebrate*, — May it ever be cherished by the sons and daughters of freedom, as the day when their fathers escaped from tyranny.”

“*The Ardent Spirits* brought from Delft Haven to these shores in 1620, — an extract from the Mayflower, — the right sort for a Jubilee like ours of to-day.”

At a little past seven, the company separated.

In the evening many of the residences of the citizens were brilliantly illuminated, Court and Main Streets particularly presenting a beautiful appearance. The Boston Brigade Band discoursed most eloquent music in the Town Square, from eight to twelve o’clock, and a fine display of fireworks was also made.

During the evening, Mr. Warren, the President of the day, held a levee at his residence on Main Street, which was honored by the presence of many distinguished strangers.

## APPENDIX.

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### LETTERS IN REPLY TO INVITATIONS BY THE COMMITTEE.

*Boston, June 25, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I have had the honor to receive the invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to attend the proposed Celebration by the Pilgrim Society on the 1st of August next. It would afford me the highest satisfaction to be present at the commemoration of an event which has had, and is destined for all time to have, a powerful and beneficent effect upon the character and destiny of mankind.

The occasion must be interesting to all, but intensely so to those who have the privilege of claiming the Old Colony as their birth-place.

I regret to be compelled to say, that the state of my health will deprive me of the pleasure of accepting the invitation which you have so kindly extended.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

PELEG SPRAGUE.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.*

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*New Haven, June 27, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I beg you to present my thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for the approaching Celebration in your venerable town. Should it be in my power, I should derive high gratification from being present at that time ; it is quite probable, however, that I may find it necessary to go in another direction, to visit family friends.

Your very obedient servant,

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ.

*Brookline, June 28, 1853.*

SIR : —

The present state of my health will, I fear, prevent me from participating in the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society on the 1st of August ; but should it be in my power to do so, I shall gladly avail myself of your obliging invitation, for which I beg you and the other gentlemen of the Committee to accept my acknowledgments.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. H. PERKINS.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman.*

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*Cambridge, June 28, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I have the honor to acknowledge an invitation to attend the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society on the 1st of August. But expecting to be absent on a journey at that time, I must regret the necessity I am under to decline it.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES WALKER.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman.*

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*Brown University, June 29, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I am greatly obliged by your invitation to attend the Celebration on the 1st of August. Should it be in my power, I will gladly accept of it. I am, however, obliged to go to the western part of New York about the middle of July, and fear that it will not be possible for me to return in season for the occasion. I honor the stones and take pleasure in the dust of Plymouth, and the more so because she keeps us reminded of those glorious days from which we date the origin of civil and religious liberty.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours, very truly,

F. WAYLAND.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

*Williams College, June 29, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I am greatly indebted to you for your kind invitation to me to be present at the Celebration of the 1st of August, at Plymouth. No one can honor the memory of our fathers more than I do. Whatever incidental faults they may have had, theirs was the true spirit, and only as that shall be perpetuated and diffused is there hope for the country and for the world. I should rejoice to join in any celebration that would tend to keep alive that spirit, but regret to say that I shall not be able to be with you on that occasion.

With great respect, yours,

MARK HOPKINS.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

*Frankfort, July 1, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I have had the honor to receive the invitation which you, as President of the Pilgrim Society, was pleased to convey to me by your note of the 23d ultimo, to attend their Celebration of the 1st of August, as the Anniversary of "the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven in 1620."

Indeed, Sir, I feel myself honored by your remembrance of me on such an occasion, and by your kind invitation. I know that I could sympathize with you, and enjoy the commemoration of your Pilgrim Fathers, with all my heart. They were a peculiar and wonderful race of men, to be remembered with pride and gratitude and reverence.

I very much regret that the distance, and the thousand little difficulties in the way, prevent my acceptance of your invitation. It only remains for me, Sir, to offer to you and the Society my very sincere acknowledgments for the honor done me.

I am, with great respect,

Yours, &c.

J. J. CRITTENDEN.

HON. RICHARD WARREN.

*Cambridge, July 1, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I have had the honor to receive the kind invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to attend the Celebration by the Pilgrim Society of the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft, on the 1st of August. It would give me great pleasure to be present on so interesting an occasion, but my absence from home at that time will prevent my attendance.

Please to express to the Committee my acknowledgments and thanks for their invitation, and accept the assurance of the respect and sincere regards of

Your obedient servant,

JARED SPARKS.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

*Charleston, July 2, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

Your very kind invitation to attend a meeting of the descendants of the Pilgrims has safely reached me. I am equally affected by the privilege of participating in this Celebration, and by the remembrance of those friends who made my youth what it was. Declining health, with the disposition to gratify my family, are the motives which in a few hours will carry me away. I am just embarking for Europe with my youngest daughter, but when the 1st of August arrives, the anniversary of the greatest political event of this vast empire will be full in my thoughts, and the remembrance of those who in earlier days commanded my highest respect and warmest affection will occupy my heart. Have the goodness to offer at the festive board in my behalf : —

“The passengers in the Mayflower, who two hundred and thirty-three years ago held, on the Rock of Plymouth, America’s first Convention in the cause of Liberty.”

With great esteem and regard,

I remain your obliged and obedient servant,

B. HUGER, M. D.

Auburn, July 4, 1853.

DEAR SIR : —

I feel that it is a great honor to be invited to go up with the Pilgrim Society to Plymouth, on the occasion of their great Anniversary, and I regret exceedingly that my engagements are such as to deprive me of the instruction and pleasure which an acceptance would secure to me.

Be pleased to express to the Association my thanks and my apology, and believe me, dear sir, most respectfully, your humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman.*

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Pittsfield, July 5, 1853.

DEAR SIR : —

I feel very much obliged by the kind invitation of the Committee of Arrangements of the Pilgrim Society to attend the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Embarkation. I fear that it will hardly be in my power to be present, fixed as I am for the summer at the western edge of the State. It would have given me much pleasure to be with you, had the old territory of the Massachusetts kept within any reasonable limits; but Plymouth Rock is so much nearer sunrise than Saddle Mountain, that one feels like a Pilgrim at the mere thought of the journey between them.

I suppose toasts are all done with in these times, or I would send you one. I think the Judge will be ahead of me in the pottery line, or I would have made something out of this : —

“The good people of Delft, — They were known to all the rest of the world by their *ugly mugs*; but we shall always remember them for sending us a cargo of *Chosen Vessels*.”

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

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July 8, 1853.

HONORED SIR : —

Your official communication, dated June 10th, inviting the Pastor and delegates of the Pilgrim Church at Southwark to be present, and to unite in the Celebration of the Embarkation of the Pil-

grim Fathers at Delft Haven, on the 1st day of August, reached its destination on June 27th.

The Rev. John Waddington is at this time in the South of France, seeking restoration of health and strength under the Divine guidance, for both his partner in life and himself.

On account of his absence, therefore, and time not allowing of any communication with him in the interval between the receipt of your letter and the date of this reply, it falls upon me to acknowledge, on Mr. Waddington's behalf, how deeply he will feel the token of your respect to him, as the pastor of a flock whose antecedents in church history prove them to be more intimately allied to the faithful band of exiles to your distant shores, than any religious society can lay claim to, in this particular location, wherein they sought steadily to worship their God, in conformity to his will, so nearly as they could discern it in his revealed word.

Impracticable as compliance with your invitation, which we cannot too highly estimate, is, under all the circumstances, I may be allowed, I trust, to remark upon the interest which has been raised and warmly reciprocated since our first approach to the late representative from your country to ours, in the person of the Honorable Abbott Lawrence. That gentleman's sympathies were awakened at once, for he seemed to feel that his country derived and would reflect additional glory from the information it was our privilege to impart to him at successive interviews, or by writing. Indeed, he was so alive to the value of what he learned, that he generously gave command that he would not be denied to Mr. Waddington when it was possible he could see him; he is consequently ever in our grateful remembrance, and followed by our most respectful salutations.

Besides Mr. Lawrence, we have been favored with frequent interviews with other influential friends from the United States. In 1851, we were specially honored by a visit of inquiry and research from Dr. L. Bacon of New Haven, and the Rev. Seth Bliss, accompanied by the Rev. — Hovey of Boston, and Mr. Morse of New York. The result gave satisfaction alike to them and to us. And since that opportunity, a correspondence has several times passed between our pastor in particular and some of your divines



in whom he has excited a keen interest, either personally or by the transmission of copies of unpublished original letters with other information relating peculiarly to our common ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate successors.

For the measure of success which has followed my own efforts in helping to extend a knowledge of the inestimable worth of that illustrious band of exiles whose embarkation at Delft Haven the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth is about again to commemorate, I cannot but indulge and express grateful emotions, under the ever-present conviction, that it was my Heavenly Father who sustained and directed me through a period of such intense application and of such weighty responsibility. My aspirations and my heart are often on the other side of the Atlantic, but Providence has herein put an interdict upon me : seventy-five years past admonish me that another and "better country" demands my incessant solicitude. That Mr. Waddington may never visit your shores, is far from improbable, except that his ailing companion at home is an impediment.

In the name of the church in Union Street, Southwark, and their pastor, I am, honored Sir, your greatly obliged servant,

BENJAMIN HANBURY, *Senior Deacon*,  
138 Blackfriars Road.

Mr. W.'s private address is No. 9 Surrey Square, Southwark.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIM SOCIETY, *Plymouth, Mass.*

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*Ellicott's Mills, Maryland, July 12, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I beg to return you my kindest thanks for the invitation of the Pilgrim Society to partake in their Celebration on the 1st of August.

My movements are too uncertain to enable me to promise myself the pleasure of being with the Society on that occasion. If it should so fall out, however, that I may be able to allow myself this gratification, I shall be most happy to profit by the opportunity. But whether present or not, I hope you will believe that I take a lively interest in the subject of your celebration, and justly esteem

the descendants of that sturdy Puritan chivalry whose exploits will find a worthy remembrance on that day. They honor their ancestry, not only with their lips, but in their lives.

With the expression of my highest respect for the Society, and my thanks to the Committee, I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, &c.*

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*New York, July 12, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

You do me no more than justice when you speak of me as “one who delights to honor the fathers,” and it would afford me great pleasure to express my sense of their personal worth, and the great work which they achieved for future ages “on the spot where they landed.” But my engagements are such, that it will not be convenient for me to accept the invitation with which you have honored me, and I must respectfully decline. Hoping for that personal acquaintance to which you allude, I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

E. H. CHAPIN.

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*Philadelphia, July 15, 1853.*

SIR : —

Nothing short of advanced years, now numbering eighty-two, would discourage me from taking a journey to Plymouth, for the purpose of joining your intended Celebration of the coming Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven in 1620.

For your invitation thereto, please to accept my thanks ; and the assurance of my regret at being obliged to decline it.

I am the lineal descendant of an early immigrant, who arrived at Boston in 1630 ; probably with Winthrop. The bones of this great-great-grandfather, Edward Breck, repose in a graveyard at Dorchester. Many of his children and children’s children were born in Boston ; among them I am privileged to call Boston my native town : and I may claim, likewise, the right to boast of being allied *almost* to the brave and pious and enterprising company,

who, under Carver, promulgated the grand principles of republicanism, which have, by their blessed influence, been the main cause of this nation's rapid growth, and quiet, steady progress from the small beginning in your city to its present greatness.

Penn's Constitution, equally wise, and equally free, must, nevertheless, yield the merit of priority, and perhaps originality, to the Mayflower compact.

Governor Carver undertook to plant his colony, he tells us, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith. Penn took charge of his Province, he says, "for the Lord's sake; to raise a people who shall be a praise in the earth for conduct, both in civil and religious liberty, and to show men, by his frame of government, the way to freedom and happiness."

Those two virtuous leaders laid down principles of government, so broad in constitutional freedom, and so acceptable to every colonist, that it was but an easy step from colonial to independent rule.

Please to present me, affectionately, to my highly respected friend, Thomas H. Perkins, should he attend your festival. Many years ago, when I was in Congress, I saw Mr. Everett occasionally at my brother-in-law's, Mr. James Lloyd's. He will, however, scarcely remember me. In any event, I shall feel flattered, if he will allow me (small as our acquaintance was) to offer him the assurance of my most distinguished regard.

For yourself, Sir, please to accept my renewed thanks and cordial respect,

SAMUEL BRECK.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.*

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*Barnstable, July 18, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR:—

I regret that the continuance of ill health will prevent my attending the "great Pilgrim Celebration."

It will be a great entertainment, indeed. The assembling of the descendants of the pioneers of human rights! How vast the occasion, and how noble the lineage!

I am happy, yea, proud, to be of such a race ; and gladly would I be a participant in the family scene were my physical condition equal to the task.

Yours, very truly,

ZENO SCUDDER.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Plymouth.*

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*Washington, D. C., July 18, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

The President has received your kind and flattering invitation to participate with the Pilgrim Society, on the 1st of August, in commemorating the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven in 1620, and directs me to express to you his deep regrets that pressing public engagements compel him to deny himself the pleasure of accepting it.

With high regards, your obedient servant,

SIDNEY WEBSTER.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

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*Providence, July 20, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

Upon my return from a short absence this day, I found your kind invitation, on behalf of the Committee of the Pilgrim Society, to be present at the Celebration on the 1st of August. Thanking you and the Committee most sincerely for the kind invitation, I much regret that business engagements of some importance in Cleveland, Ohio, will deprive me of the honor as well as pleasure of participating in a celebration which I hope will be perpetuated to the latest posterity.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

JOHN WHIPPLE.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

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*Boston, July 20, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I have delayed your letter of the 23d ultimo, in the hope that I might see my way clear to accept your kind invitation. But I am

reluctantly compelled to decline it. The labors and confinement of the Convention have left me in an indifferent state of health, and in a condition to require absolute rest, and abstinence from every thing in the shape of intellectual excitement.

Yours truly,

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

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Charleston, S. C., July 23, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have purposely postponed replying to your own of the 23d of June, because I continued to hope, even to the last moment, that circumstances and duties *might* yet permit me to join you on the 1st of August. Both conspire to deny me this privilege! But no combination can suppress the feelings which the occasion is so well calculated to inspire. I have always regarded the landing of the Pilgrims as the true foundation of republican liberty; and I have never doubted that the choicest freight of the Mayflower was *the sentiment* which one hundred and fifty years after found its embodiment in the Declaration of Independence. *We* should never have heard of the tea being thrown overboard, if the piety of the Puritans had not furnished the authority. And the battle of Bunker Hill might never have been recorded, but for the spirit which animated *your* ancestors on the Rock of Plymouth, and *now* gives character to *our* common country throughout the world! It is not the right to *fight*, but it is the right to *think*, which makes a nation *free*.

Permit me to offer you:—

“The American people! North and South, and East and West! they sometimes differ in adjusting their ‘family matters,’ but they are sure to be *friends* in the presence of an enemy.”

With many thanks for your kindness, I am, dear Sir, very faithfully, your obedient servant,

ALFRED HUGER.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Pres. Pilgrim Society, Plymouth, Mass.*

*New York, July 23, 1853.*

DEAR SIR :—

My friend, Mr. Everett, had already sent me a kind invitation to the Anniversary at Plymouth, but I explained to him that I am obliged to leave the United States by the Arabia steamer, which sails on Wednesday next.

I assure you it would have given me great pleasure to have attended such a meeting, where I should have had an opportunity of seeing many persons for whom I have a great regard, and who will be assembled to commemorate an event of high historical interest, and to express their sympathies in a glorious cause.

Believe me, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES LYELL.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ.

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*Worcester, Mass., July 25, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR :—

I had the honor to receive, some days since, your most kind letter, inviting me to attend the anniversary commemoration by the Pilgrim Society of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620," and I have delayed its acknowledgment only that I might feel an assurance of being able to participate in the observance of so deeply interesting an occasion. I have now greatly to regret, that the state of my health, and that of my family, discourage the hope of this enjoyment.

You do but justice to my sentiments in believing, that, as a descendant from an Old Colony ancestry, I hold in highest reverence the history and character of the fathers of New England. I should go to Plymouth, as the pilgrim to the tomb of the Prophet, that I might offer my devotions on the altar of their virtues and their great sacrifices. I know of no oblation more grateful to their memory, than this spontaneous gathering of a late posterity on the spot first consecrated by their landing to religious freedom, and this outpouring of the heart in joyous commemoration of that firmness of principle and heroism of purpose which sent them hither.

With a sense of high personal obligation to the Committee of Arrangements for the honor of their kind remembrance of me, I am, dear Sir, most faithfully, their and your obliged and obedient servant,

LEVI LINCOLN.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ., *President of the Pilgrim Society.*

*Tremont House, July 26, 1853.*

SIR : —

I much regret that arrangements which it is beyond my power to alter will take my party and myself from Boston before the 1st of August. The meeting of the Pilgrim Society is one which, with reference alike to its subject and to the character and eminence of those likely to attend, I should have felt myself much honored by being permitted to assist at.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your very faithful servant,

EGERTON ELLESMERE.

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*Washington, July 26, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I thank you sincerely for your invitation to me to attend the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society on the 1st proximo, and I very greatly regret that my official engagements render it impossible for me to be present with you on so interesting an occasion.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. CUSHING.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman.*

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*Lowell, July 26, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I received yesterday your favor of the 23d, conveying to me an invitation from the Committee of Arrangements to be present at the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society on the 1st of August.

Under fitting circumstances, I should have felt extremely happy in being present at the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims ; but a recent affliction will allow me only to offer my sincere acknowledgment for the honor done me, and my best wishes that the celebration may serve to perpetuate the principles of the " Fathers of New England."

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

TAPPAN WENTWORTH.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Plymouth.*

*Gardiner, Me., July 26, 1853.*

DEAR SIR:—

I have omitted hitherto to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging favor of the 7th instant, in the hope that I might be able to accept the obliging invitation with which you have honored me, to attend the proposed Celebration at Plymouth on Monday next.

It is now quite certain that it will not be in my power to do so.

Few things could afford me more pleasure than to unite with the distinguished citizens of New England who will then assemble, in commemorating the services, the sacrifices, and the virtues of those heroic and Christian men who laid so deep and sure the enduring foundations of all our civil and religious institutions.

For ever honored be their memory, for ever cherished be their principles.

I beg you and the Committee to receive my grateful acknowledgments for the honor of the invitation, and believe me to be, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

GEO. EVANS.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ., *Plymouth.*

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*Sunnyside, July 27, 1853.*

DEAR SIR:—

The invitation with which I have been honored by the Committee of Arrangements of the Pilgrim Society, to attend their approaching commemoration, has just been received. While I feel deeply and gratefully this mark of their consideration, I regret that the state of my health, which obliges me to repair to Saratoga, will prevent my being present on the very interesting occasion.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

RICHARD WARREN, ESQ., *Chairman, &c.*

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*Cincinnati, July 28, 1853.*

GENTLEMEN:—

Having been informed by the Hon. Bellamy Storer, that you have been pleased to honor the New England Society of Cincinnati by an invitation to our President and Board of Directors to



be present on the deeply interesting occasion of your annual celebration of the day, so dear in the memory of every New-Englander and every true American, it devolves on me as their Secretary to acknowledge your courtesy, and to inform you, that in the absence of most of the members of our board, now visiting their early New England homes, I have forwarded your invitation to our President, Robert Hosea, formerly of Boston, and our Vice-President, John Swasey, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts, who are among the most enterprising merchants of the "Queen City of the West," through whom, we trust, our Society will be truly represented on the patriotic day we all would rejoice to commemorate by our presence among sons and daughters so worthy of their fathers.

Allow me to propose, for the New-Englanders of the Buckeye State : —

"The true sons of New England's worthy sires can never forget their native homes, so sacred to the memory of their ancestors."

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DANIEL C. KING,

*Corresponding Secretary of the New England  
Society of Cincinnati.*

TO THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS, &c.

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*Amherst, July 29, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to accept the invitation of the Pilgrim Society to participate in the commemoration of the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, on the 1st of August, 1620, and to express my veneration of the men, whom the providence of God directed to this New World, and inspired with energy and wisdom and foresight to lay the foundations of a structure, which for the strength and beauty and grandeur of its proportions, in a moral, social, and political view, has even now exceeded the highest con-

ceptions of their warmest imagination, and which, under the guidance of that same Providence, is exerting an influence unparalleled in the history of the world upon the material and moral interests of our race. But I may not enjoy that pleasure.

Accept my thanks for your kindness, and permit me to annex a sentiment : —

“ *The Embarkation of the Pilgrims in 1620*, — The dawn of a new era in the advancement of civilization, the knowledge of true liberty, and the spread of a pure Christianity throughout the world.”

Believe me, very truly and cordially yours,

EDWARD DICKINSON.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Chairman of Committee, &c.*

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West Point, July 30, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR : —

I have just received your communication of the 28th instant, inviting me to participate in the commemoration of the “ *Embarkation of the Pilgrims*,” which is to take place at Plymouth on the 1st of August.

I regret, my dear sir, that I had not known of it a day or two earlier, as I have just returned from Trinity College Commencement at Hartford, and from lack of time must relinquish the pleasure of joining with you in preserving the memory of this important act of the Pilgrims.

To me the event would have been peculiarly gratifying, and also would have afforded me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with many who were very kind to me on my visit in search of information and material for the painting now in the Rotundo.

I beg you, my dear sir, to present my sincere regrets to the Pilgrim Society, and also my hearty wishes for its welfare, and the success of the object it has in view.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT W. WEIR.

To RICHARD WARREN, Esq.

*Washington, July 27, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

It is announced in the papers that the New England Society of Boston, and others, are to celebrate the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Holland, on the 1st of August. This notice is recent, and hardly leaves time for any appropriate action of our New England Society of the Metropolis, to meet and provide for an official representation, on that interesting occasion ; but as the Rev. Ashbel Steele, one of the descendants of the Puritans, now of this city, is about to go to Plymouth, and to be present at the ceremonies of that day, I think he may with propriety represent this branch of the great New England Association which is scattered abroad over our land. May I ask the favor of you to present Mr. Steele to the President of the parent Society, in that assumed representative character.

Mr. S. has been some time engaged in collecting and elaborating materials for a fuller memoir of Elder Brewster than has yet appeared, — being led to the work from the fact that his wife is a lineal descendant of the sturdy old Puritan hero.

I do not know who the President of the Society is, in Boston or Plymouth, or I should have thought it proper to address this note to him ; but I trust you will excuse the form it takes, and enable Mr. S. to present himself in the right quarter.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. A. HALL,

*President (perhaps Ex-President, of the New England Society of Washington.*

TO THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

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*Madison City, Wisconsin, 21 July, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I have just received the letter by which, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements of the Pilgrim Society, you invite me to take part in the ceremony commemorative of the embarkation at Delft Haven of the founders of Plymouth Colony ; and in which, while alluding to my researches in regard to the Pilgrims in Holland, you do me the honor to say, that the Society is desirous to hear more of these men from me.

I regret that I cannot be in Plymouth on the 1st of August; it would be most grateful to my feelings to meet those assembled to do honor to men who gave up the comforts of home rather than sacrifice a principle; — it would be pleasant, with them, to retrace the wanderings of the Pilgrims, and from the Rock of Plymouth go back in imagination to the little church of Austerfeld, under the shadow of which the first Governor of Plymouth was born, and before the unchanged altar-table of which he was baptized.

Since the publication to which you refer, I have twice revisited Leyden and Delft Haven, and added something to the small stock of facts before gleaned. Among other new documents, I have in my possession a letter, written by John Robinson to the magistrates of Leyden, dated Amsterdam, 12 February, 1609, asking permission to come during the ensuing month of May with his congregation of one hundred English men and women to reside in that city. This letter gives us light upon two points heretofore unsettled; first, the time of Robinson's migration to Leyden, supposed by some to have been in 1608; and secondly, the number of those who had joined him in exile.

Other documents throw light upon other matters, but nothing changes the conviction, heretofore expressed, that the position of the Pilgrims in Holland was one of suffering and privation, — of continued persecution on the part of the English Government, unalleviated by any sympathy from those more favored English, who, in Amsterdam and in Leyden, had received churches from the magistrates.

The records of the English Reformed Church at Amsterdam, — in which the forerunners of Robinson and some of his own congregation became in the end merged, — the records of this church, as far back as 1608, speak of the Brownists, who were then coming there, as "writhers of libels and of scandalous articles"; and again, travelling out of their record, they chronicle with unconcealed pleasure a mishap which befell the unfortunate exiles. It seems that these forerunners of Robinson had raised money to build a church in Amsterdam, and the English record, after mentioning this, continues: "The before said Brownists' *preaching-house* (as they call it) being half reddy, God sent his strong

messengers from Heaven and cast it flat down unto the ground ; which to many was a saying and a teaching that they did not build upon the Rocke, the sure and right foundation. Mat. vii. 24 ; 1 Cor. iii. 14."

"Retrospection," says an old writer, "is precious, inasmuch as it giveth us wise teachings for the present." And when we look back upon the lowly and humble position of the fathers of our Republic, — persecuted for opinion's sake, — arrested in England, — imperfectly protected abroad, — spurned by their fellow-countrymen there whom fortune favored, — are we not taught lessons of charity towards those who differ from us? Are we not also taught that we dishonor the Pilgrims, when we forget to honor either *labor*, or *devotion to principle*?

The Pilgrims, I have said, were imperfectly protected in Holland. No government has been more unscrupulous than that of England in violating the neutrality of other countries, and in seeking to carry its own persecutions into other lands. It was in vain that one of the brightest luminaries of English science, John Locke, sought refuge in Holland; he was hunted down by English spies and diplomatists, and obliged to fly. So was it with our own Elder Brewster. Let us not, however, cavil with the Dutch. *They did more than any other nation had then done to protect freedom of opinion.* Holland and Switzerland were the two asylums of those who were persecuted for their convictions, and, without the rallying-point of Holland, it is probable that Robinson's congregation would have been dispersed; and Miles Standish and Winslow and Winthrop, and the other bright names of Plymouth Colony and of Massachusetts history, be known only as actors of more or less renown in the drama of the English Commonwealth.

We cannot fix limits to our debt of gratitude to the Dutch Republic, for the asylum and the protection she afforded. How can we better show that gratitude than by expressing on the Rock of Plymouth the sympathy of the sons of the Pilgrims for that other Republic, Switzerland, now "persecuted even unto death," menaced with the extinction of her nationality, for extending the same hospitality, for fulfilling the same duty, towards others, who, for conscience' sake, have become pilgrims and exiles.

Mindful of the parallel between Switzerland in 1853, and Holland while sheltering the Pilgrims, permit me to propose as a sentiment : —

“ *The Swiss Republic*, — Menaced by despots for having exercised a right, fulfilled a duty, and practised a virtue, — to be sustained by all for whom *right*, *duty*, and *virtue* are not empty names.”

I have the honor to be, dear sir, your faithful servant,

GEORGE SUMNER.

HON. RICHARD WARREN, *Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, &c.*

*Washington, July 26, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I very much regret that I am obliged to decline your invitation to be present at the commemoration of the anniversary departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, on their adventurous voyage to a distant and unknown land, for the noble purpose of seeking shelter from persecution, and a home where civil and religious liberty could be enjoyed.

I regard the event you propose to celebrate as among the most interesting in the history of nations, both in its character and consequences. Were succeeding generations to be unmindful of the stern virtues and severe hardships of their Pilgrim forefathers, they would be unworthy of the blessed heritage which has come down to them from this source.

I assure you I sincerely regret that any circumstances should deprive me of the pleasure of being present at the celebration of an event, so memorable in our national annals, and so worthy of being commemorated through all succeeding time.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

W. L. MARCY.

RICHARD WARREN, Esq., *Plymouth, Massachusetts.*

*Lunenburg, 28 July, 1853.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

The regret for losing the celebration of the embarking of our Plymouth Pilgrims at Delft Haven, two hundred and thirty-three

years ago, will be much alleviated to me, at least, by the knowledge that you will be there next Monday. As a member of the Pilgrim Society, I would heartily attend ; and it seems almost strict duty for the Historical Society to reverence whatever inheres in the *gentis incunabula nostræ*, or even may be only an adjunct.

Having entered my seventieth year, I am lately become very penurious of my time, and as it would cost me four days to partake in the glory of that festivity, it must be given up. Yet only one hour later departure of the last train of cars in the forenoon of Monday would permit my reaching Boston seasonably from here. Still you can so much more acceptably fulfil my service, that I rejoice at the opportunity afforded for renewing your enjoyment in bestowing honor on the true-hearted exiles. You will not, I am sure, omit the occasion of rendering due acknowledgment to our friend, Rev. Joseph Hunter, who, more than all other persons since Governor Bradford, has illustrated the story of their origin. What none of them thought of, their condition before leaving England, we wanted most to know. In chief, the unrivalled merit of Brewster, earliest, as well as one of the best qualified, among the laics, of assertors of religious freedom. When one recurs to the wretchedness inflicted on her Secretary, Davison, by the *perfidy* (how well justified is that phrase !) of Queen Elizabeth, which even in the narrative of Hume is plain enough for an eye of tolerable power of inspection, he will see the cause that drove Brewster into seclusion from court, after qualifying him for all honorable service, if consistent with good conscience. Did you see a new Life of Davison come out within eight or ten years ? It is monstrous, that two octavos should give us little more than two or three pages of novelty ; and if the publication escaped your eye, it was ordered for the Boston Library, I remember, by my motion, when a fairer portion of the irradiation of Elizabeth's day was looked for.

To Brewster is due, beyond controversy, the glory of vindicating sober Puritanism, not as a clergyman bred up to controversy, still less as a man of the world who could see in no distant future the prevalence of his cause, the first LAYMAN who opened free communication with Heaven, without asking permission of his civil

sovereign. Our two Governors, Bradford and Winthrop, whose births occurred within a few days of each other, are both deserving of very great and nearly equal approbation as conscientious statesmen, thoroughly imbued with rational dislike of the formalities in church service, yet came into being only when Brewster had terminated his career of public service; and indeed all Bradford's accomplishments in human politics or divine letters he may well seem to have derived from such parental instruction.

You will know, my dear sir, how to excuse this outpouring, when you think that I have just laid down our latest volume, *first* of *fourth* series, that contains the full evidence of his devotion to our purposes by my friend Hunter. Remembering the fascination of Cavendish's Life of Cardinal Wolsey, which gave distinction to such a humble hamlet as Scrooby, I confess the perusal of this rewritten History of the Founders of New Plymouth quite as highly exhilarates me. I dare say that George Sumner may be at the feast, and he can give the  *freshest*  intelligence as to the modern state of that dovetailed canton of Yorkshire, Lincoln, and Notts. But agreeable as may be whatever he can tell, from a three days' visit to the neighborhood, the degree of general knowledge of the local concomitants must be far superior in my London friend, who was born and brought up in that vicinity.

Further I will not impose my tediousness on you, not even by inscribing a toast, or sentiment, as it is termed, if our Massachusetts Historical Society be honored by any mention; but leave to you, as our representative, all the service and the glory that would break down your assured friend.

JAMES SAVAGE.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, *Summer Street, Boston.*

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*Delfshaven, in South Holland, Kingdom Netherlands,  
July 18, 1853.*

HON. AND WORTHY SIR, President of the Pilgrim Society, formed to cherish the memory of the founders of New England, —

Burgomaster, Aldermen, and Councillors of the City of Delfshaven, have the honor to communicate you, they received your letter dated 23d June, 1853.



However, they have only a faint remembrance of the emigration in 1620 from their port to America of some Englishmen, with prayers and good wishes of an old clergyman, who recommended them to the care of Providence, while he was detained by weakness and old age from taking the journey. Nevertheless, during the two centuries since their departure, the remembrance remained in the interesting work of the Independent Magazine.

It is an agreeable duty to Burgomaster, Aldermen, and Councillors of Delfshaven, to present you the thanks of their assembly for the affection still existing at the glorious nation of the United States of North America for our country, and the remembrance of Delfshaven, which they left to walk upon the glorious way which made North America the admiration of the whole world.

However nobody of us can profit by the amicable invitation expressed in your letter, we return our sincere thanks for your honorable attention, wishing Providence will give you its best gifts over the good land of your habitation ; and the remembrances which unite North America with our dear native country may conduce to augment the relations between both the lands, by mutual friendship and estimation.

With sentiments of great respect, we subscribe ourselves,

Your most obedient servant,

G. W. HILST,

*Burgomaster of Delfshaven.*

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## HYMN.

BY EPES SARGENT.

(TUNE, *Old Hundred.*)

Nor from a dark and angry sky  
The Pilgrim band are forced to fly ;  
Behind them is the summer shore,  
The doubt, the gloom, are all before !

No roll of drum, no gun's salute,  
 To public fame their parting bruit ;  
 But broken prayers and sobs are given,  
 As Faith looks up, through tears, to Heaven.

Yet larger wealth than e'er knew wreck  
 Is trusted to that narrow deck ;  
 Yet in that poor and fragile bark  
 God sees a mighty empire's ark.

Lord ! as to them, to us extend  
 The care that looketh to the end ;  
 Them thou didst guide through adverse ways, —  
 O, save us from our prosperous days !

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### HYMN OF THE PILGRIMS,

DEPARTING IN THE MAYFLOWER FROM PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND,  
 SEPT. 6, 1620.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN.

(*AIR, America.*)

Twilight's celestial sheen  
 Fades on the glimmering scene,  
     Fades soft away ;  
 England's bright cliffs of gold  
 Fade, as Eve's banner's fold,  
 O'er the blue heavens unrolled,  
     Darkens the day.

Grouped on the slippery deck,  
 Still on that fading speck  
     Lingers our gaze ;

Manly eyes swim with tears,  
 Maiden hearts sink with fears,  
 As the shore disappears  
     In the blue haze.

Foreheads all gray and old,  
 Foreheads with locks of gold,  
     Cluster around ;  
 Brows wear the gloom of care,  
 Hands are clasped as in prayer,  
 Murmured sighs in the air  
     Waft their sad sound.

Sailing across the deep,  
 Heart-sick, we can but weep,  
     Exiles from home !  
 O'er the horizon's line,  
 See, its last light doth shine,  
 Scarce seen above the brine,  
     Hid by the foam.

Farewell, dear native land !  
 Farewell, paternal strand !  
     England's fair shore !  
 Hills with great oaks o'erspread,  
 With their dark pines o'erhead,  
 Ne'er may our loving tread  
     Visit you more !

Flower-filled, happy dales,  
 Pastures, and rural vales,  
     Sylvan retreats !  
 Ne'er in your soft expanse  
 May our dear children's dance  
 Through your green thickets glance  
     In summer heats.

Mossy roofs, where entwine  
 Ivies and eglantine  
     Like a fair tree,  
 Church, with thy modest spire  
 Glancing in twilight's fire,  
 With thy sweet singing choir,  
     Farewell to thee !

Churchyard so gray and old,  
 Tablets grass-grown and cold,  
     Where our dead rest,  
 Oft in our evening strain  
 We 'll bedew thee again  
 With the heart's sacred rain,  
     Far in the west !

'Mid the dark, sombre woods,  
 'Mid the mild solitudes,  
     Whither we tend,  
 God keep us pure and free !  
 God will our guardian be ;  
 Unto Him bend the knee,  
     Till life shall end !

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#### REMARKS OF GEORGE WATSON.

MR. PRESIDENT :—I am not a public speaker, as you well know, and being now in the second quarter of my eighty-third year, I cannot expect to become one. But I am glad to be here this day in my native town, which I left sixty-six years ago, and commenced my pilgrimage through life, on foot. I have made some brief reflections pertinent to this occasion, which I have penned, and which I will read, if I have your permission.

*"Contingere portum, et funem contingere, mihi contingit."* —  
*To arrive in port, and to lay hold of the rope, concerns me.*

This beautiful sentence, in which there is but one verb, contains three important contingencies of life.

It is one of the brightest gems of the Roman language. *Veni, vidi, vici*, — the celebrated laconic letter of the all-conquering Julius Cæsar to the Roman Senate, — is not to be compared with it ; for this was an effusion of a mind flushed with victory, and it well became the destroyer of his race, — himself soon after destroyed for his criminal ambition. But the sentence I have quoted breathes a philanthropy for all mankind.

*Mihi contingit*, — *it concerns me*, — it concerns you, Mr. President, — it concerns all who are here to celebrate the Embarkation from Delft Haven of our heroic fathers and mothers, when they were about to cast themselves upon the stormy Atlantic.

We know, for we have read, how their pious hearts were moved in prayer to God, that he would graciously vouchsafe to them a happy arrival at their desired haven. But from that desired haven they were diverted, — and by the providence of God they were brought into this goodly harbor, to plant HERE the seed of an empire !

The historic eye beholds the unfading Mayflower safe at anchor at yonder beach point ; there being no friendly hand on shore to throw them a rope.

Mr. President, the contingencies of the Latin proposition concern all who embark on the voyage of life. Let us then fervently pray, that each and all of us may at last arrive in the blessed haven, and lay hold, not of the *rope*, but of the *HOPE*, of eternal life !

#### MEMOIR OF GEORGE WATSON, OF ROXBURY.

I was born in Plymouth, April 23d, 1771, and within gunshot of "Plymouth Rock," which was then the property of my father, the late John Watson, Esq., who was the second President of the Pilgrim Society, — and he was one of the original associates and the last resident survivor of the "Old Colony Club," the

germ of the Pilgrim Society. I am a direct descendant, of the fifth generation, from George Watson, one of the early Pilgrims, who came in the *Ann*, in 1622; he was a merchant, and was a Counsellor in the government of the Colony. He died in 1690, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. I am the oldest living descendant of the Plymouth Watson family, excepting my venerable cousin, Mrs. Priscilla Watson Cotton, now living in her native town of Plymouth, in the comfortable enjoyment of health and of her faculties in a remarkable degree. She is a descendant of the *fourth* generation from the Pilgrim George Watson. By our maternal ancestors, we are descendants of the fifth generation from the mother of Peregrine White, and the Governor Edward Winslow, our mothers being sisters.

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#### REMARKS BY DR. CHARLES T. JACKSON.

LAST evening the northeast corner of Coales Hill, near the Linden-tree, was struck by lightning.

In ancient times, this incident would have been looked upon as a consecration of the spot by the gods.

It is certainly worthy of note that the burial-place of the first of the Pilgrim Fathers should have been visited by fire from the heavens on this first Celebration of the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven.

If the thunder-stricken wolf of Rome and Ariosto's bust were consecrated by the thunder-bolt, should we not regard the graves of Pilgrims as thus consecrated anew by this act of Providence?

" Know that the lightning sanctifies below  
 Whate'er it strikes; yon 'hill' is doubly sacred now!"

## LETTER FROM HON. NATHAN APPLETON.

*Pittsfield, July 28, 1853.*

DEAR SIR : —

I am favored with the invitation of the Pilgrim Society to attend the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims on the 1st of August. I regret that it will not be in my power to be present on the occasion.

The emigration of the Puritans to America is one of those events which change the condition of nations, if not of the world. The inestimable boon of freedom of religious opinion may be traced to this event in an especial degree ; for although the Puritans themselves were originally unwilling to grant to others what they claimed for themselves, their principles led to this result, and bore this fruit in their descendants. All honor, then, to the pioneer Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth !

I hope this occasion will not pass without some measures being adopted for securing and preserving Plymouth Rock, as another and more worthy means for the resort of future generations. To this object I shall be most happy to contribute.

I am, very respectfully, your very obedient servant,

NATHAN APPLETON.

WILLIAM L. RUSSELL, Esq., *Secretary, &c., &c.*

## LETTER FROM HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

*Legation of the United States, London,  
May 27. 1852.*

MY DEAR SIR : —

I regret to learn from you that the proposed monument to the memory of those illustrious, I may say with truth immortal, men and women who founded Plymouth Colony, has made "slow progress." I entertain and cherish the liveliest interest in every thing connected with their history, and I cannot doubt that every New England man throughout our Union, when the question is finally laid be-

fore him, of erecting a monument that shall mark the spot where his ancestors landed, and where the first written constitution was promulgated and established, will respond to an appeal from the "Pilgrim Society." I hope an appeal will be made by that Society without delay, through the various New England Societies now established in many of the States of the Union, and that all the New England States may be addressed upon the subject. My respect and gratitude increase daily for the company that came to our dreary coast in the Mayflower, and I feel it a duty to do something to *perpetuate their memory*. I will thank you to subscribe my name for the sum of \$ 500, in case the Society conclude to proceed with a work, which, I will venture to say, has been too long delayed.

I have the honor to be, dear Sir,

Very sincerely, your obedient servant,

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

WILLIAM J. RUSSELL, Esq.,

*Rec. Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, Plymouth, Mass.*

## PLYMOUTH ROCK IN GARLANDS.

[From the Christian Register, August 6.]

THOUGH a little one side of the direct route, we could not resist the attraction which drew almost every body to the birthplace of the "Old Colony," on Monday last. So, pursuing a zigzag course over three railroads, we arrived at Plymouth about 10 A. M. ; at Plymouth, not as the venerable town usually is, free from bustle, serene and quiet, but Plymouth in a state of pleasurable excitement, Plymouth with a doubled population, Plymouth in holiday attire, shining and smiling, brilliant and beautiful, with the flashing uniforms of the military and engine-men, the bright floral and other decorations, the streets thronged with people, the doors and windows of all the houses opened, as if the whole place was, for the time being, one great home, crowded with children of a larger



and a smaller growth, bent upon rejoicing together, and having a grand "occasion." And what was the occasion? A capital motto among the flags and festoons of one of the houses — hardly a dwelling being without its ornaments of bunting, evergreen, and wreaths of flowers — will answer. It ran thus: "The First of August. — Forefathers' Day thawed out." That told the whole story. Yielding to a good suggestion, the Pilgrim Society resolved to have one anniversary at a genial season; so, changing from December 22d, the date of the "Landing at Plymouth," they selected August 1st, the date of the "Embarkation at Delft Haven," for commemoration. Energy, liberality, hospitality unbounded, skill, and taste had made all preparations; and the day, preceded by the showers of the night before, to lay the dust and wash out the town, dawned a summer's day, slightly overcast, and duly tempered, just suited to the purpose. The details of the celebration, and reports of what was said and sung, we have no room for, but will just jot down a few things that are as pictures or melodies now in the memory.

And first, a word more about the ornamental part, for it deserves it. We have seen a good deal of decorating for festivals of all kinds, but in our judgment, for appropriateness, almost if not entirely without exceptions, — for the doing just enough and not too much, — the decorating at Plymouth was of peculiar excellence. Nothing inconsistent, extravagant, gaudy, or puerile — quite likely to intrude as blemishes on such a scene — caught our eye; whilst arches, festoons, banners, and inscriptions were symmetrical, and rich, and graceful, and right emblems for the hour. Amidst the profusion of well-ordered and chaste display, one omission — an instance of the grace of letting alone — was, we thought, very touching and impressive. To a somewhat ancient house, overshadowed by a grand elm, and almost hidden behind the growth of vines and shrubbery, nothing was done, — nature being fittingly left unadorned, — since the simple sentence over the gate, "*We will keep their memory green,*" was all that art ventured to do. Leaping, for the moment, from the garlands and streamers of the day, with their historic notices, proverbs, and stanzas, pointing out noted localities hallowed as dwelling-places of the fathers, or tell-

ing of the father's trials and virtues,—the illuminations of the evening turn into a fairy realm the venerable municipality. The windows beaming with lambent light, the colored lamps suspended among the umbrageous trees, with the rushing and flashing rockets that ever and anon, like lightning gleams, revealed the gay concourse listening to the fine music in the Square, taken in connection with absence of all disturbing noises and confusion, made a night to be remembered as a brilliant dream, and gave us an ideal and quite glorified Plymouth. When we add to this, that—more than the latch-string out—every door seemed wide open with friendly invitation, and that to some at least sleep was wafted on the airs of a pleasant vocal serenade, the reader will pardon a little enthusiasm in our rhetoric. Indeed, one, if a moment thoughtful, was made rather serious and subdued by the all-pervading kindly feelings and the general delight.

But we are beginning at the end, and must retrace our steps. In the morning there were religious services in the First Church. These consisted of a hymn, written for the occasion, by Rev. E. H. Sears; a prayer by Rev. James Kendall, D. D., the venerable, honored, and beloved clergyman, now more than fourscore years of age, who is the successor in office, as he has been in fidelity, of the Pilgrim pastors; the singing of Mrs. Hemans's grand lyric, "The breaking waves dashed high"; selections from Scripture, by Rev. G. W. Blagden, D. D., of this city; a second hymn; and the benediction.

After waiting a weary while for the special train from Boston,—which proved to be specially slow, instead of what it started for, an "Express" with only two stops,—but which arrived at length in over-due time, in the neighborhood of high noon, the procession got formed. It was long and large,—so long and large that it gathered up most of the people; which fact, together with another fact, that the ladies preceded it to the tent, left it towards the last of the route almost destitute of the essential accompaniment of spectators. However, with music and escort, it traversed most of the streets, marched reverently by the "Rock,"—crossed the "Town Brook,"—ascended the hill to the pavilion,—within whose canvas walls not less than twenty-five hundred ladies and gentlemen

were seated, at about 3 P. M. We have nothing to say about the dinner as such, except that it was what reasonable people expect on such an occasion, pleasant in its array, and seemingly plentiful, but not intended to appease ravenous hunger, delight the epicure, or make eating a very palatable enjoyment. Our position, a nice one for what we went for, was a little out of the reach of attendance, and the company were the "waiters"; therefore we magnanimously conclude, that even the lack of as many cups of cold water as a thirsty dozen craved, was a provincial and local destitution. But we soon had *the* feast,—the only one worth caring about. The Chair was filled by Mr. Richard Warren, President of the Pilgrim Society, who discharged his duties energetically, frankly, and in a manner that showed how thoroughly his heart was in the work, making a pleasure out of an arduous position. With brief allusions to the locality, the history of the past, and the nature of the gathering, he welcomed the company, announcing, as the material and substantial portion of his address, the design recently formed, and partly executed, of collecting funds to rear a monument to the Pilgrims on "The Rock." He stated that \$6,000 had already been contributed in Plymouth alone, and read a letter from Hon. Moses Grinnell of New York, offering generous aid. Later in the afternoon, Mr. Warren announced the reception of a letter from Hon. David Sears, subscribing \$500, and reserving the right to give as much more as he pleased.

Governor Clifford was the first speaker introduced. For its warmth of feeling, just sentiments, finished style, its lights and shadows, or alternations from the grave to the gay, without violent transitions or loss of dignity, indeed, for all the qualities of an eloquent and effective speech, this was a noble effort; proving that our chief magistrate must by universal consent be regarded as an accomplished orator. But the tone and doctrine of this address were the things to be commended. It was religious and reverential to the past, and sought no future of greatness or prosperity, which did not spring from the principles and was not inspired by the spirit of the Pilgrims,—no progress that was not a Christian progress. The condemnation of the reckless, conquest-loving, "manifest destiny" doctrine was very fine, and almost solemn, as a timely warning.

Hon. Edward Everett was next called out. After a felicitous preface, he traced and pictured in his own best style — which is saying enough certainly — the providential preparation made for the discovery and settlement of the New World, and then spoke of the results of that great event as they are and are to be. He presented with glowing eloquence a brilliant and ever-enlarging prosperity for the republic, in passages of elaborate rhetoric, such as he is a master of. We were glad he too — though declaiming so grandly of “progress” — took care to recognize distinctly the religious element and faithfulness to Christian principles. We are not of the number of those who think the passion for enlargement needs any stimulant in this land; and so we confess that we prized more Mr. Everett’s closing remarks, in which he so admirably described and rebuked the irreverent sceptical credulity, the Sadducean philosophy of the times, and insisted on the union of faith in God with civil liberty. If his splendid, gorgeous vision of the future is only attended by the sanctifying safeguards he depicted, none will care how soon it is a reality; but without those safeguards, the blessing would be its indefinite postponement.

The Hon. Charles Sumner gave us another finished address, in which he held up the Pilgrims as an example of both the persecution and the triumph awaiting all reformers. *He* caught these words of noble cheer from Plymouth Rock: —

“New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth:  
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.”

The fourth of the speeches which were most marked for their substance or the sources from which they came, was the characteristic — alike for its exceeding good humor and profound seriousness — speech of the Hon. John P. Hale. He playfully insisted on assuming the privilege of age, and, as his own career was completed, of giving a little counsel to young or ambitious politicians yet in the field. He had feared that the school wherein he had been for eight years might have unfitted him for this sober occasion, and that some of the bold tropes which had served the as-

piring in the Senate might unawares slip from his tongue. But his anxiety was over ; for the boldest figures that ever rang beneath the dome of the Capitol were tame in comparison with what had come from Pilgrim lips addressed to Pilgrim ears ! We had heard of the genius of the country swallowing Chimborazo for supper and kissing sunset with affectionate embrace ! On reflection, it might be quite appropriate, for where should Young America come to maturity first, if not in Old America's house ? Passing from this humorous strain, Mr. Hale, in noble, manly tones of strong emotion, described the long struggle for religious liberty, and ably argued that the winning of the revolution for spiritual freedom by the Pilgrims had won the later revolution for civil freedom ; and so he affirmed, for all good success, their faith, courage, and reverence for the Divine law were essential.

The excellent remarks by Hon. Charles W. Upham of Salem, Rev. Samuel Osgood of New York, and of other gentlemen, as well as the "sentiments" generally, we should be glad to refer to, but the room and time to do so are not at our command.

The day at Plymouth — we love to take such days, as they offer themselves, in a generous and grateful, and not a critical spirit — was, almost without exception, a grand day, — a day suggestive of significant contrasts between the past and the present, wherein the memory of the fathers came, demanding the gratitude and appealing to the hearts and consciences of the children. We believe it could not have been to any serious mind a mere holiday, and trust that the remembrance of it will be more profitable than the remembrance of seasons that are only festive seasons. It was pleasant as its golden hours flew by ; may it be true to many that a blessing crowned their departure, and that they witnessed the birth or the confirmation of true purposes and right principles, — that something of the Pilgrim's conscience and faith, to conserve our fairer civilization, was gained by standing on the Pilgrims' Rock !

## THE PLYMOUTH FESTIVAL.

[From the New York Evening Mirror, August 2.]

IN so far as we have received account of the festival doings of the descendants of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, they have been worthy of the occasion. More magic words could not ring out among New England's hills and valleys, or, far beyond, through the newer and broader States of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, than "the Pilgrims" and "Plymouth Rock." They are words linked to a people and spot consecrated in the hearts of millions,—a people and spot hallowed for ever by heroic history, and endeared by numberless less public, but not less tender, brave, beautiful, and sublime traditions.

These words, "the Pilgrims" and "Plymouth Rock," are watchwords to all the host of proud and grateful descendants, who, scattered in widening circles from the ancestral seed, now form the nerve and sinew of a mighty nation,—a nation the freest on earth, the noblest balanced, the most intellectual, and the most vigorous. Other roots of the Republic there are,—deep, strong, and noble roots; but the Pilgrim root is deepest, strongest, and noblest. Planted in a sterile spot, by the rock-side in the wilderness, with no cradle hymn but a trustful prayer to God and the winter moaning of the desolate sea, it could but grow deep and strong, if it grew to stand and flourish at all.

How it took hold in that sterile spot! Not the rigors of winter, nor the gloom of the forest, nor the fierce whoop of mortal foe, nor the sad psalm of ocean ever telling of the fatherland,—the old homes and altars and graves,—could shock its endurance, bend its determination, or pluck up a single fibre of its earth-clinging strength. Transplanting itself at the greatest sacrifice and peril, it had found a new soil whereon not to faint and perish, but to grow and expand, a shelter, and seed, and fruit, for countless coming generations.

The Pilgrims have not been over-lauded. They had their foibles and faults,—their short-comings and lack of true godliness. All this is confessed on the fair page of their history. But the

evil of their lives is as nothing, when weighed against the good. All the heroism of great battles, where ambitious conquest was the goal, is less than that of the men and women who gave up all that was dear of native land and home, of place, wealth, and comfort, and dared, in the fragile *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, cross the ocean, to plant a freer home for themselves, their children, and children's children. And their faith and endurance was like that of the martyrs, forced to a stake from whence there is no escaping, though their path was of their own seeking, and might have been abandoned at will.

To the Pilgrims belongs preëminent fame. Their courage, their piety, and their love of liberty were grand. Other colonists, or adventurers, had more glittering objects before them. Mines of gold and silver, broad, rich plantations, profitable traffic and lives of luxurious ease or flattering preferment, allured them to the New World. They girded on the sword and shipped their merchandise for a worldly conquest. The Pilgrims were of another caste. They thought less of the mildness of climate, genial soil, and shining treasures heaped in the earth's bosom. They sought asylum from the oppressor's hand. They desired a home where they might freely walk and worship. The visions that charmed De Soto and Raleigh were to the Pilgrims as "sounding brass." So they turned their prows and steered their barks to bleaker shores. The wilderness was as nothing if the spirit could be unfettered, — the soul and the tongue free.

Once transplanted, and the beginning of a great end — an end far greater than they conceived — was accomplished. They had henceforth but to grow, as they did, against the buffetings of soil, climate, and savage foes; against hardships unparalleled, and with a firm trust in God, undeviating from what they believed to be right, they wrote their record in patient, heroic deeds and lives, and left it, shining all over with great virtues, a proud bequest to their children and to after-times. All over New England and the Union, wherever the simple church-spire points heavenward, and the school-house stands an ark of light by the way-side, and the "decent graves" whiten the hill-slopes with their memorial stones, be sure the spirit of the Pilgrims has paused and passed.

And now, while thousands gather as at a family altar, yonder by the sea-shore, to pay glad tribute to the memory of the Pilgrims, the spirit of the little band through whom Plymouth is ever memorable walks mightily abroad, stirring millions of hearts through all the length and breadth of our land. Thus may it walk evermore, its holy memory a lesson and an inspiration.

[August 3, 1853.]

The Old Colony holiday is the theme of all the newspapers. The Celebration of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, which took place at Old Plymouth, on Monday, August 1st, was a triumphant affair from beginning to end. There never has been a local celebration in this country, which has called forth more enthusiasm or more eloquence. The spirit of the occasion seemed to fill every heart with reverence and gratitude and joy. Almost every house in the town was decorated with flags, evergreens, and mottoes ; while welcoming arches spanned all the principal streets. The throng of people was immense ; but the crowd, which seemed to be animated by one soul, was as still and orderly as a Sabbath congregation, only now and then giving vent in cheers to the irrepressible emotions inspired by some apt allusion to some thrilling reminiscence. The quotations and mottoes, published in to-day's Mirror, fully justify, by their appropriateness, the enthusiasm which they awakened, throughout the entire line of the procession.

The objects of the Celebration are fully and eloquently stated in the able address of the President of the Pilgrim Society, which will be found in another column, and were fully discussed in the speeches that followed. The admirable speech of Governor Clifford, and a description of the "Decorations," must have precedence to-day ; to-morrow we hope to be able to give our readers a full and *corrected* report of Mr. Everett's great oration, — one of the most eloquent and beautiful forensic efforts to which we have ever listened. There are passages in this magnificent speech that will be remembered and recited as long as Plymouth Rock endures, — as long as the spirit of the Pilgrims throbs in the grateful hearts of their descendants. Mr. Everett gave his "notes" to the



reporters; and his speech is published as it was written; but there were several impromptu passages that burst from the speaker's lips under the glowing inspiration of the moment, finer than any thing that appears in the printed speech. We hope to give, in a day or two, a *perfect whole* of this magnificent production, unmarred by the omission of a single word or punctuation-mark.

The scene at the dinner was beautiful and imposing. Nearly three thousand persons seated under a tent almost as large as Franconi's Hippodrome, a liberal proportion of whom belonged to the ornamental half of humanity, was a sight well worth seeing. Such a congregation of beautiful women afforded more inspiration than the wine — *that was n't there*; fine, fresh, rosy-cheeked maidens and matrons, embroidering the vast area like a bed of sweet "Mayflowers," produced an effect "better imagined than described."

The speaking, in the main, was excellent. Mr. Warren, to whom the sons of the Pilgrims are chiefly indebted for this glorious ovation, presided with admirable tact, and brought each speaker gracefully and opportunely before the audience. The only criticisms proper to make are such as are applicable to almost all public occasions. But we lack space for further comment upon the grand Celebration to-day. Many things were said and suggested on this occasion which we shall gladly recur to hereafter.

In the mean time, we must not omit to remind the sons of New England that the material object of this Celebration was to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a monument upon the "Rock of Plymouth," and that already the response to the call has been prompt and generous. One of our merchant princes agrees to be one of fifty to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars; and we doubt not but there are "a few more left of the same sort" among us, who will do likewise.

## THE CELEBRATION AT PLYMOUTH:

[From the New York Courier and Enquirer.]

It is not in wreaths and banners, nor in the excitement of festivities, that such great gatherings waste their force. From the speeches of such men as Everett, from the great thoughts uttered, debark the Pilgrim opinions, finding their way sometimes to the cold and barren coast of ignorance or utter worldliness, but often to good and fertile soil, bringing forth most abundantly. The great doctrines urged and examined at this festival were in relation to the duties of this republic in the future, whether it should be of universal conquest, or but from one good to another in contentment. Mr. Everett overlaid the path of ambition with all the gold of his eloquence. Governor Clifford, in indignant denunciation of the Wandering Jew system, claimed that the men of the Mayflower taught us their best lesson, — moderation, repose in virtue. Mr. Everett suggested a republic which should hold within the sway of its institutions the Straits of Behring and of Magellan. Acutely did John P. Hale say that henceforth the wild imagery of Western orators would be considered tame and placid by the side of the bold pictures of the Pilgrim, and the audience looked significantly at Mr. Everett, who seemed to smile in significance of his belief that he had developed the real opinion of the mighty masses of the people. This restless foot of Progress may have come to Plymouth Rock, only that, by pressure on its iron-like strength, it might spring forward the more vigorously. The American people consult the labors of the reporter in these days, as of old they read the essayists, and the record of what the statesman thinks they study in that "four-paged folio."

Scarce ever have I witnessed a scene more impressive than the pavilion presented, when, as the orator of 1820, Daniel Webster was remembered. It was announced, and up rose that great multitude, softly, silently, solemnly, while the melancholy harmonies of a dirge seemed to speak most suitably the universal sorrow.

This was his own peculiar land. The distance to his last long home was but a brief one, and there were those in this throng who had borne his banner while he lived, and his pall when he died. Everett characterized the eulogy which Choate had so recently pronounced of him, as matching the oratory which is enshrined in the world's memories. In assemblages like these, the great, the unavoidable fact that Massachusetts has no longer such a man, is made vividly present. Had he been here, he would, like Everett and Clifford, have aroused the public heart to the strange doctrines of "a necessity laid upon us" for conquest. But most fortunate Massachusetts never loses the connecting link in her illustrious chain. When Otis died, the Adamses were found, and they found a successor in Webster, and he in Everett.

I think such gatherings as that at Plymouth answer the great question of Sir William Jones, "What constitutes a state?" Certainly, here it is not the success of commerce, or the area of territory. One hour of Wall and South Streets would gorge State Street and Long Wharf. We could put Massachusetts in our "wilderness district." It is the men, — the humanity, — the educated, cultured, thoughtful, eloquent. These tell the story, and form the history for Massachusetts.

Very curious is the combination of the country and the town in Plymouth. Directly in rear of the street, the hills look as rural as if they never heard the tramp of a policeman near them. These crooked streets are picturesque, and have the wandering-about cast of character, which one would think the ways of the Pilgrims must have possessed, — "putting up" their houses just where it was easiest to get the brethren together, without thought of future city mappings. Leyden Street is somewhat straight, and so it ought to be, as it has a designation kindred to the land where every thing is fixed and certain. There are good points of defence or attack about, and they must have exercised in thoughts of fortress and strategy the good old soldiers of the Church. The hill, just in rear of the hotel, was the scene of a well-intentioned salute, but artillery had a flatness about it that indicated its duty as somewhat beyond its capacities, — in deep water, — off *soundings*.

There are ornamental dwellings, savoring of Upjohn and other

teachers of the beautiful in arch and balcony and tower, and there are quaint structures, shingled in all directions, as if that species of lumber in the time of our forefathers had been ridiculously cheap. Plymouth is like a room in which the furniture of the grandmother is yet allowed a place by the side of the last device of the warerooms of Broadway. It is pleasant to see them thus mingled. . . . .

Who could have furnished the profusion of flags that floated at every available position? It is usual for all gala days to interest the running up of a quantity of bunting, but Plymouth looked like a line of battle-ships adorned for a royal visit. . . . .

The Celebration has been completely successful. The alternating cloud and sunshine of yesterday is to-day succeeded by a regular blow, — such an one as, clothed with the frosts of December, seemed to be the warning to the forest men that their day was coming to the night. The streets of the Old Town are returning to their usual quiet. The orators and hearers, the men of far-off cities, return home, but not one that was present will ever forget the spectacle of the vast tent, whose crowded aisles were vocal with an eloquence which few in the Old or New World can parallel.

The Plymouth people in their pavilion made every arrangement for the Press. . . . .

Will there ever be lull enough in the tempest of our commercial activity in New York, to celebrate the coming of Hendrick Hudson, or shall we for ever forget the brave men that taught Plymouth's Pilgrims lessons of enterprise?

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It was a little after midnight on the confines that divide Saturday from Sunday, that your correspondent, in company with some very agreeable New-Yorkers, looked with great satisfaction on the legend which, over the south door of the Samoset hotel in the famous town of Plymouth, bore the words "Pilgrims' Home." The *prestige* of such words was delightful, for we were pilgrims. Of course the New York train had been just late enough on arriving at Boston to lose us the five-o'clock run to Plymouth. The Old Colony Road runs one of its trains on Sunday, but New-York-

ers have consciences, and we determined to go on that same Saturday evening. It would have been very unlike the Press of New York to have faltered or hesitated. So we took the next train, and, reaching Centre Abington, found a long ride before us; but good horses and sober drivers will enable one to traverse even the labyrinthine ways of New England roads, and the shadows of the midnight hours brought us to the world-known destination of the Pilgrims.

Sharp was the ringing at that door, whose promise was so hospitable; the sound ought to have woke up *Rip Van Winkle*, but he did not belong to this locality. It aroused the Irish domestics, and, with the exquisite imagination of the bard Tom Moore, to our anxious inquiries as to the probabilities of rooms, they assured us that there were several at our service, and very good ones. It was a pleasant exercise of fancy; "with the future, cool reflection came," and it came in the guise of a landlord, who portrayed the utter impossibility of any human being accommodated, &c.; — all of us have heard this in our experiences. It is an impossibility which gilds the merciful dispensation of the fourth story thereafter made. And at last we accomplished a safe lodgment. It was high and somewhat gregarious, but Robinson and Bradford came to Plymouth two hundred and thirty-three years since, and found much poorer arrangements. A difficulty in arriving at Plymouth was precisely what history had led us to anticipate.

To commemorate the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven is the object of the great gathering which, while I write, is filling the streets of Plymouth, and is crowding within the vast area of the pavilion tent. It is, I believe, the first public acknowledgment of *this* day; and it is a delightful evidence of the ingenuity of those of our nation whose homes are first illuminated by the rising sun, that they have now found out an attraction towards the East in the pleasant days of summer. We cannot, with a due attention to our creature comforts, come on the twenty-second day of December. Then the wild winds would howl out such a welcome as they gave Elder Brewster, and we should stand in shivering admiration on the Rock, and so the day of departure rather than that of arrival has been selected. It is ingenious, and of that Oriental type which

so often astonishes mankind. I thought there was more wit and point in one of the inscriptions, than in all the more elaborate devices. Thus it said: "*Forefathers' Day thawed out.*" The author of that is bright. I would like *his* companionship on a cloudy day.

Plymouth, before the construction of the Old Colony Railroad, must have been a locality to find which a visitor must have been in earnest. It is in situation and circumstance very different from the thought generally cherished in respect to it. The current idea of it is of a small and very old settlement, with a bold bluff point projecting out into the sea, and the Rock the most conspicuous feature of the scene. Such is the Plymouth of the mind, — but the realities are different. Behind two or three enfoldings of cape and beach and sea-wall, it is about the last place into which a vessel would be sure to come as an affair of course. It must have perplexed the pilot of the *Mayflower* to have threaded his way in and out of the harbor. It has its shelter from the sea. The moanings of the ocean are heard, but it is as one hears the roof-rain. The stirring scenes of wreck may be near, but there are no disasters to be experienced within. It was a shielding and sheltering destiny that found culmination here.

We all rushed to find that Rock. Not first to have gone thither, would have been to forget St. Peter while on a visit to Rome. Is it here that Plymouth keeps its proudest memorial? To find it, one goes through a series of streets that have "an ancient and fish-like affinity," — stores whose signs (they have the Maine Law here now) bear the odoriferous legend of "West India Goods." The guide to the Rock to-day was an inscription, not in letters of iron or carvings of granite, but in a "chalk formation," on a door belonging to an habitation of some body who was sagacious enough to know that some pilotage along these wharves was necessary. A short turn down a narrow street brings to the Rock! Before the citizens of New York would allow a memorial so precious to be buried up, obscured amidst wooden warehouses, — with an old wooden wharf pushing its impudence into the waters, as if with a most radical progress, — "our people" would sell the Battery and mortgage the Park.

But Plymouth promises a better day, and when did Massachusetts ever promise and fail to fulfil? This celebration is to begin the noble enterprise of the erection of a monument, to be raised, they say, on the very Rock; not, with miserable taste, torn by fragments, — this piece in a far-off street, and that in a still more distant steeple; but right there, — there where those noble-hearted men first felt the presence of that land which they educated to such nobleness and freedom by their abiding in Holland, — so soon shaped into the land of order and law and religion. There it will rise, and the mariner shall watch it, teaching the sea that thus far, and no farther, shall its proud waves go. To this good work Plymouth has, within the last few days, given generously; and there was a glorious burst of applause through this vast pavilion, when the letter of Moses H. Grinnell announced, with characteristic generosity, that in this right and righteous labor "New York was with them."

Plymouth was radiant with floral wreathings. The descendants of the gentle and determined women who accompanied the Pilgrims to these shores, in the taste which seems to be natural to the sex, have so charmingly bound together the beauty by which the earth yet indicates its descent from Eden, that we have turned to-day from arch to canopy, from bower to window, from balcony to pillar, and seen in each that loveliness which speaks out in language that would be harsh, if it were clothed in words. There seemed to be one general combination to set Old Plymouth in a frame of flowers; and the well-ordered, respectable, and respectful crowd who thronged these streets felt that there was in all this a language of welcome which the open-doored hospitality of these citizens, at every hour, illustrated and confirmed.

Miles Standish was a glorious old soldier. The veteran would have felt the blood in his veins flow quicker if he had believed it possible that where he trod would afterwards tread such march of discipline, of vigorous and brave men, as the Light Guard displayed. I felt proud, as a New-Yorker, of this representation of soldiery who guard our own great State, — men whose bayonets read their duty by the light of the law.

The cars this morning brought in a numerous representation of

the bright and brilliant, and wise and solid men of Boston. That long enduring and almost perpetual Constitutional Convention, which seems to have borrowed the elixir of life from our extra session, kept away from us Choate, — and this was almost taking the Koh-i-noor out of a coronet of diamonds ; but fortunately they could not keep from us Edward Everett, and this glorious orator one of the few among us who keeps up in our day the memories of such vivid eloquence as we were wont to hear from Clay and Webster.

In the morning there was a fog spread over the harbor and town. (Your correspondent suggested it might better have been *mist*.) It was symbolic of the tears these Pilgrim Fathers shed. The afternoon — it smiled in the gladness of a glittering sun. The happiness of the children of the Pilgrims was figured in the lustre. The garlands of the decorated houses and arches revived in the radiance. The day that had begun with gloom ended in light. The heavens often unite such lessons in their shining and their shadows.

The scene in the pavilion was magnificent. The area under canvas was so great as to cause its capacity to contain a multitude to be equalled by that of few buildings even in our own great city, — and this vast space was filled. There, in one great throng, was the grouping of more pretty faces than has been ever before seen in Plymouth, though the portrait of the same Penelope Pelham, at which I gazed admiringly this morning in Pilgrim Hall, proves that beauty did not omit to dwell on the earth in the days of the men of the Mayflower.

There upon the dais were gathered men illustrious by public service and by the might of intellect. Clifford, who has to-day by his admirable address proved that he fills with honor the executive chair of a State whose chief magistrates have so often been men of mark, — the elder Quincy, who more than any man now living has mingled with and participated in the great men and events of our country, — Everett, who proves that eloquence has its home in the present as in the past, — Sumner, with his vivid philosophy, — these are not ordinary names, and the enthusiastic applause of the multitude indicated the grasp on the heart which



the utterance of each secured. There was more genuine, glowing eloquence uttered to-day, beneath the pavilion's folds, than I have heard in many a long day, and if our readers would appreciate the strength of the compliment, they should remember that for several months your correspondent has attended our Legislature.

And all around was a crowd of attentive and orderly people ; — many from Boston, a good representation from our own great city, and not a few from the sister States. They were an appreciative audience. They were hushed as night at the magnificent sentences of Everett, and when that voice of more than silver sweetness spoke of the progress of our country, winged by Religion, Law, and Liberty, there seemed to be but one voice, and that exultation that such a sentiment had found such pronunciation.

I saw one policeman. He looked solitary, and if an officer of the law could be disconsolate because nobody erred, such was his sorrow. This was not a meeting within the protection of walls, but almost an open-air gathering, and yet no regiment of rowdiness rent either the canvas or the air. Elder Brewster might have preached here and delighted in the quiet of his audience, though I think Mrs. Brewster would have stared at the head-dresses.

There were responses to the proposal for a monument, which indicated that the pulse of Boston liberality begins, even now, to beat quickly to such a good work. The Hon. David Sears was detained from attending, but he gave five hundred good reasons for his absence, and in his right of citizenship of this region, being a Cape Cod man, he declared his intention of advancing more of the same agreeable nature. All of us who have strolled along Beacon Street have greatly admired the superb mansion of this gentleman, and the reflection is delightful, that a generous man has around him so much of beauty, for they alone deserve it.

The speeches at the festival were of a class and character never to be forgotten. Governor Clifford had the ease and completeness of sentence indicating the possession of thought and language. Ex-Senator Hale, formerly of New Hampshire, appeared to good advantage, talking like a statesman, and discoursing in a style, and with a dignity, which was much more acceptable and

appropriate than when he allows himself to take part in comedy ; but it was in and around Everett that the great glories of the day centred. That full, rich voice poured out its grateful utterances, and the hearer realized that what was said was of a degree of thought which would deserve memory. His speech will be read. There are passages in it which will take place among our classics ; and among these, a high station will be given to that wealth of words in which the majesty of the discovery of America was portrayed, or that gorgeous picture of the future, to which the strength of enterprise, companioned by virtue, was heralding our people. The hushed breathing of the great auditory allowed those splendid sentences to be audible through the pavilion, which, when the figure was finished, flutered with the unrestrainable shouts of admiration.

To such thorough sentences it has seldom been my good fate to listen. I have heard the magical voice of Clay, and felt as all around me, like clinging to him through all his fortunes, won by his fascination ; but these sentences of Everett owed but little to eye and look and gesture, though all these in gracefulness are his.

Sumner either hesitated and was forced to think out in advance that which he desired to say, or else, with Everett before him and so much of Massachusetts around him, he weighed very carefully the full import and meaning of his opinions. Men have need so to do in these days of the power of the press. That great estate of the realm was thoroughly represented here, and those who address their fellow-men have learned how much more powerfully they talk through the transmission of types, than by their words, however eloquently given.

Massachusetts indicated to-day that her race of men of intellectual strength is not extinct. This town of Plymouth had gathered at her shores some of the proudest names of the Commonwealth, and the audience confessed that their reputation had not been exaggerated.

I am a little surprised that no one pledged the memory of Belzoni. It was this energetic Italian who cleared away the sand from the Pyramids and revealed Egypt's monumental glory. Precisely like him should be some of the Plymouth men. This great

procession was taken down through the Wapping district, — near those ships in which at low tide the vessels that make up the marine list of Plymouth curiously balance themselves on their keels, or dislocate all the crockery in the cook's caboose by heeling over. All through this region went the patrician and plebeian multitude. An arch, somewhat gayly entwined by its bright colors, amazed the unpainted locality, and indicated the Rock. Over the Rock went all the crowd, — each one, not native to this coast, wondering, as he trod over it, what manner of remembrance was it of this noble memorial, to allow it to maintain a struggle for existence over the perils of that road-way. Belzoni would have taken a vigorous view of this subject, and given these people a specimen of the same energy by which he took the dust out of the eyes of Memnon's morning-music statue ; — and thus it is that your correspondent would have the old Italian remembered. He left a good example, and one which Plymouth should heed.

It is possible, quite possible, within the power of money, to so remove all that now surrounds this stone, as that it would again be — what it probably was, and what every body, except those who rashly test imagination by fact now believe it to be — directly at the water-edge, so that at full tide a boat might well come up to it, and voyagers step upon it. A few warehouses must come down to produce such a result, and a few hundred feet of wharf ; but except the cost, there is no obstacle, and as to the cost, there are sons of New England in the city of New York who would deem it honor and pleasure to identify their names with the labors of such good work.

Every one who visits here must realize that the obliteration of the old landing features of this memorable place has been disastrous. If New York or Albany could identify the precise spot where Hendrick Hudson, so many years before the Mayflower was on the seas, stood in adventurous step, in their limits, they would preserve and protect it. The nation has a right to demand from the Old Colony, to preserve in all its distinctness what Time, ravager as he is, has spared.

They have a model of the Mayflower in Pilgrims' Hall. It was built by all the aid of whatever was known by history or picture

of the naval architecture of that period. Shipmen of this locality superintended it, and it was afterwards submitted to Mr. Forbes, of Boston. It is not wonderful that the dear old ship had a four months' voyage with such a build ; very little of the clipper is there about it, and the *Sovereign of the Seas* or the *Flying Cloud*, in a race to California, could give her a start as far as Cape Horn, and then reach the Golden Gate, and begin to discharge cargo, before she arrived.

But the *Mayflower* was comfortable. That high stern had a sheltering look, and I fancy that her wooden walls were more comfortable than was the abode on this coast in that wild December.

I greatly enjoyed the far-spread view which is seen from the hill on which is the burial-ground. This occupies an admirable position for an ornamental cemetery. All before it lies the town, and beyond, the bay. All its incidents of point and headland and light-houses, and the ocean, are revealed in beauty. It has the churches at once in sight ; and this place of the dead, associated with all the annals of sickness and suffering of so many years, is but a few paces distant from happy homes and prosperous people. The *Mayflower* voyagers, I suppose, were not buried here. The grave, revealing its story of weakness and loss, would not have been placed in a position so conspicuous. Probably by the water-side, in rude tombs, were deposited those worthies, of whom Scott says so beautifully, that England flung them forth as a drunkard would cast from his lap precious jewels. If remembrances of good name and mention make men famous, to have the eloquence of this day find its grateful theme of their virtue has achieved a fame for the Pilgrims, the like of which men have died willingly to acquire. There are few monumental memorials of these men here, or of those immediately coming after them.

At night, Plymouth was bright with dwellings and other buildings illuminated, and vocal with the music of a skilful band. These sons of the Pilgrims remembered the sorrowing debarkation from Delft Haven, by festive and brilliant gatherings. Rockets bursting into fires of golden or ruby colors were radiant messengers so far skyward, that it may well be that many a story of

strange meteors will be brought to port by the mariners whose craft were passing by.

The people thronged the streets, but all quiet, and somewhat grave. As the Manxman says to Buckingham, in "Peveril of the Peak," — "There is a touch of the old Puritan about me yet."

The hospitalities of Mr. Warren, the President of the Society, (and who, I believe, we claim now as a resident of New York,) closed the day. Its incidents cannot be forgotten. No one with memories worth possessing can cease to recall with delight the address of Everett, nor shall we fail to remember that, prominent among the listeners to his splendid pictures of our country's progress, was one who had been a companion of Hancock and of Washington. Plymouth has to-day welcomed many who will often hereafter make pilgrimages to this new Mecca.

SENTINEL.



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